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BUSINESS CARDS.

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LIFE-SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS IN OIL, finished by the first Artists in superior style, at the ROOT GALLERY, No. 363 BROADWAY, corner of Franklin street. Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., copied and colored, as well as if from the life. A perfect likeness guaranteed. Daguerreotypes, Photographs, &c., taken daily in our well-known style of excellence. feb12 tf

LADIES, the Spring time of the year has come, and if you wish handsome Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s., Slippers, Ties, and Toilet Slips from 6s. to 14s. per pair, with Boys', Misses', and Children's Boots and Shoes of all kinds and prices, patronize J. B. MILLER & CO., 387 Canal street. ap23 3m yfz

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AT EVERDELL'S, WEDDING and VISITING CARDS, NOTES, &c. These celebrated Cards, splendidly engraved, can only be had —BROADWAY, corner Duane st. Orders by mail solicited. feb5 tf

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KIGGINS & KELLOGG, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS, and Wholesale Dealers in BOOKS and STATIONERY, offer great inducements to the trade, at Nos. 123 and 125 WILLIAM STREET, between John and Fulton. ap17 3m

STEPHEN PHILBIN, GAS FITTING and FIXTURE WARE ROOMS, 707 BROADWAY, connecting with Plumbing Establishment, 331 Fourth street. oct19 tf

GRATES AND FENDERS.—REUBEN PRICE, GRATE and FENDER MANUFACTURER, 434 CANAL STREET, near Varick. I have a general assortment of the latest patterns of Grates and Fenders at wholesale and retail. Owners, Architects and Builders will find it to their interest to call before purchasing elsewhere. ap23 tf

UNDER GARMENTS for the MILLION!—MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN—at McLAUGHLIN'S SHIRT and FURNISHING STORE, 269 GREENWICH STREET, corner of Murray, New York. Shirts Made to Measure. jan15

NOTICE.—UNITED STATES PASSPORTS procured with dispatch, by JOHN A. McSORLEY, Notary Public 16 NASSAU ST. ap16tf

Mr. John Walker, chemist, of Stockton, Scotland, the original inventor of lucifer matches, died in that town the other day at the age of 78. According to the local papers, the discovery was made by him while experimenting with various chemical substances, and for a considerable time he realized a handsome income from the sale of his matches in boxes at 1s. 6d. each. This did not last long. Professor Faraday, being in the North, heard of the invention, and in passing through Stockton obtained a box, which he took with him to London, and adverted to it in one of his lectures. Some thinking minds were set astir by this, and the discovery made which has since become world-known.

THE STRONG-MINDED COUSIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME YEMENIZ,

BY J. VINCENT HUNTINGTON,

Author of "The Pretty Plate," "Blonde and Brunette," &c.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

At first sight we seem to detect some discrepancies in the following story, which, however, disappear on a little reflection. At least, it is easy to frame an hypothesis to account for them, especially if you suppose that the narrative has a considerable foundation of fact. It is, of course, evident that a number of apparent fibs, told by excellent persons, resolve themselves into what the French call *equivoques*. I have preferred, in some cases, frankly to preserve the idiom of the original, which, to my ear, has a charm. Let me only add that I consider this little story, apart from its vivacity, its grace of narration, and its unexceptionable spirit, as deserving of special praise for its freedom from that Puritan timidity which so often cramps our own writers, and renders our criticism so useless and so tiresome.

THE STRONG-MINDED COUSIN.

I.

"TO MONSIEUR DE LAVALETTE.

"PARIS, ...

"I HAVE just passed my examination, and if I have not come out of this final trial with a great increase of glory, it is at least to my great satisfaction; for behold me now preparing to return to your embrace. A father commonly represents Providence in relation to his child; but you, my dear uncle, you have been to me, Providence, father, mother! Thus, I expect with impatience the moment, when, by a new act of goodness, you will cement, draw closer still and *consecrate* the truly filial bond which already attaches me to you. My youthful cousin, whom I have not seen for so long a time, must be now a fully grown and beautiful young lady; perhaps she will not choose to recognize still in the student whom you will introduce to her, the companion who shared the sports of her infancy. Then she used sometimes to have recourse to the protection which my seniority gave me the right to exercise in her favor; to-day, it is for me to implore her indulgence. Inspired by you, my dear uncle, she will surely have too large an infusion of that amiable quality for me to tremble to excess when I present myself before her.

"At the last visit that you made, some years ago, to your scattered-brained nephew, you spoke to him with a frankness which authorizes him to use towards you, to-day, the same sincerity; permit me, then, to say it, my dear uncle: ready as I am to conform entirely to your kind intentions in my behalf; intentions which are the same that my tender mother expressed on her death-bed, and which you have communicated to me, I fear, nevertheless, lest I may not be able to offer you all that you expect to find in me. My opinions differ from yours on a great many points: a faithful inheritor of the traditional ideas which our family has always accepted, you will not be greatly obliged to me, I fear, for having stamped those ideas afresh in my own merit. Parisian life is a crucible, out of which one issues either better, or not so good; let every one judge of that according to his lights or his self-love. But, assuredly, one does not come out the same that he entered. For myself, uncle, I have perceived the abuse, the danger even, of certain opinions, which no longer suit the age. We are advancing rapidly towards a new era, and a regenerated humanity demands permission to strip off a few old prejudices which impede that triumphant march.

"I confess it, then, frankly, it would be a thing perfectly antipathic to my nature to have a *devotee* for a wife. I will never permit that one of those men who believe themselves to be the agents of God Himself, shall place himself between my wife and me, and substitute his influence for mine. The conjugal intimacy is a sanctuary that no eye has a right to penetrate but the husband's; all other glances profane it, and destroy its charm. In fine, I would not endure it, that the woman who is to share all the interests of my existence, was affiliated to certain congregations who would impose upon her their own interest as that to which everything should be sacrificed, and who are skilful in establishing in the bosom of the family a system of *espionage* which it is impossible to escape! I abhor those societies, moreover, which assume the inoffensive name of *confraternities* and *sodalities* in order to conceal the dark and shadowy depths of a purpose which they dare not avow!

"I wish my wife to be a *strong-minded woman*, I desire that she may be prepared, as a vigorous combatant, to defend the great questions which are ventilated in our day, and that, with a view to this, she shall have cast off the yoke of those ancient errors, which were well enough in their time, but which now prevent us from *progressing* towards a better future.

"Pardon me, my dear uncle—I know that I shock your notions: but I have thought it better—I have preferred—to give you a moment's pain, rather than to run the risk of bringing into the bosom of your family a source of trouble, of domestic difficulties and even of deep chagrin, such as you had not previously any right to anticipate.

If, however, you persist, notwithstanding, in a project which is so eminently calculated to secure my own happiness, write me at once, and in two days after the receipt of your letter, I shall arrive under your paternal roof. I have not forgotten that my mother, when she died, appeared to wish that her son should contract the indissoluble bond before he completed his twenty-third year. The period thus fixed must expire in three weeks, and I attach an almost superstitious importance to the strict accomplishment of her last wishes.

"Let everything, then, be prepared, my dear uncle, so that I may very soon be able to style myself, in simple truth,

"Your son,

"ALBERT DEVILLE."

The young man who had just written this letter, read it over with a slow deliberation that sufficiently proved how much he was pleased with his own performance; he experienced something of that intimate satisfaction which fills the bosom of the candidate for the "Chamber of Deputies," when at the *debut* of his political career, he proclaims his principles, and makes his first *profession of faith*. Never before had Albert found a suitable opportunity to parade his ideas. His ideas!!! Good young man! was he quite sure after all that they were his own? So many people imagine themselves the very voice, who in fact are but the echo! * * * * * Albert folded his letter and sealed it with that sort of solemnity which announces the importance that a man attaches to the act he is performing, then he seized his hat, and rushing out of his lodgings, ran, without stopping, to the Exchange,* as if he had feared to entrust so important a despatch to one of those poor little sub-post-offices which are to be found in Paris at the corner of every street.

II.

"A MONSIEUR ALBERT DEVILLE.

"DU VILLAGE DE B . . . .

"You know, nephew, that I am not one of those uncles who never take the pen unless to tutor and find fault with the poor fellows who call them: 'Uncle.' As I am not in the way of manufacturing phrases, I will simply say that your letter has given me a great deal of pleasure. I am charmed that you have passed your *thesis*, and still more charmed that you will soon return to us. As to the principal subject of your letter, you might have dispensed with treating it so lengthily, one word was sufficient. The affair is spontaneously arranged to a very marvel, for your cousin finds herself in perfect sympathy with you. When very young, she already displayed a character of incredible energy. She was then what she is to-day, a veritable *strong-minded* person such as you desire. The excellent Margaret, your mother and my beloved sister, exerted, as long as she lived, all the influence she had over her to bring her back to the ideas of our family; and when we lost her, almost a year ago, I flattered myself that the sincere grief which Laurence felt would produce some change in her. But no! I ought to have foreseen it. What change was to be hoped for on the part of a young girl, who at twelve years had refused to make her first communion? At that period I exacted from her a submission to my authority, but you may well suppose that it was for the last time. I could wish that you had heard her, the other day, telling me that she very much regretted that baptism was conferred before the age of reason, because she would never have submitted to what she regarded as a vain formality. 'Religion,' said she, 'is an affair of the heart, and consists in the performance of duty.' You know that these ideas are not mine; but otherwise, Laurence is so sweet and so charming a girl, that I have not the courage to cross her. See, then, how you two seem destined and predestined for each other: among a hundred women you will not find two like Laurence.

"Hasten, then, your return, my dear nephew; the necessary preparations will not take long; in the country we do things in a simple manner, and I have not changed, in any respect, the unpretending customs of our house.

"We expect you with impatience,

"YOUR UNCLE."

But why is it that Albert, after reading this letter, flings it with petulance on the table, and walks up and down his room with rapid strides, as if this hurried step aided him to shake off the ideas which, at this moment, intrude upon him? Had Albert

* *La Bourse*, where the principal sub-post-office of Paris is situated.

hoped that his letter would raise a controversy which would offer him an opportunity to present a further development of his principles, or would he prefer the pleasure of making a convert to that of meeting an adept? It is all the more difficult to account for the impressions which the young man experiences at this moment, because he is not himself aware of their existence; for, if his eye is clouded and his brow pensive, he says to himself, nevertheless, rubbing his hands the while cheerfully: "Come! it seems that all turns out as well as possible; I have nothing further to think of but my departure."

The next day, Albert was in the great court of the *Messageries Royales* (for I find no pure English word which exactly corresponds to the great central "stage-office" of the French capital), walking back and forth, now the length and now the breadth of the square, and endeavoring, while he waited for the signal of starting, to divine who among the numerous company were to be his travelling companions. He was still occupied with this interesting investigation, when a smart blow on the shoulder gave another direction to his thoughts.

"Ah! is that you, Ferdinand?" said he, turning his head and recognizing an old friend. "Do we start together?"

"That is as it may be: where are you going?"

"To B****."

"For what?"

"To get married; and where are *you* going?"

"To M*****."

"For what?"

"To get *unmarried*."

"How!"

"Yes, these three years have I been at open war with my wife, and I think it is time to end the campaign and terminate our hostilities by both sides retiring from the field."

"I thought you were so happy! Tell me your story, please."

"Oh! my story, unhappily, is like that of many others. I married at four-and-twenty, without knowing my wife, and now that I know her——"

"What sort of woman is she, then?" Albert abruptly broke in.

"I should hardly be able to tell you; for since I have endeavored to keep track of her ideas, she has professed so many different principles that I no longer know which are precisely hers: she has been a little of a socialist, a little of a fourierite, somewhat of a saint-simonian."

"But have you no hope of bringing her back to more reasonable views?"

"Not a bit of it; and no desire to do it, if I would. My patience is worn out, as my affection is, long since."

"So that in fact," said Albert, pursuing a reflection which evidently had occurred to his own mind,—"if you had to marry now, you would choose a woman of *piety?*"

"In the first place, if I had to marry now, I would not marry at all; and in the next place, if I were forced to do it, I would sooner carry off a Sister of Charity than not make choice of a pious woman, and terribly pious at that!"

"How!"

"Yes, I say: religion is the enemy, I grant you, of a profligate bachelor, Albert, but it is certainly a remarkably useful ally to a man who desires to be a good husband."

"And yet, once upon a time——"

"And yet, once upon a time, Albert!——"

Ferdinand had no time to finish, for the travellers were called, and every individual betook himself to his proper station. Albert could not help smiling at the precipitation with which his friend, without even taking time to say "farewell," jumped into the coach which was to convey him to the place where he expected, to use his own expression, to be *unmarried*. Albert, to make amends for his friend's hurry, let himself be twice called, and slowly taking his place, said to himself: "This meeting is a bad omen; one of the ancients, in my place, would have retraced his steps and returned to his own habitation."

III.

Albert had read his uncle's letter so often, that he had no need of having it before his eyes in order to retrace its expressions. To do this was his occupation, and, perhaps, not altogether an amusing one, during a large part of the first night of his journey. "It is a curious thing," said he to himself, "so much decision of character in such a young girl! And yet I had retained an impression in regard to my cousin which must be entirely false, after what my uncle tells me: I thought she was a fair and delicate blonde, with a graceful and elegant carriage. Now, such a young person as my uncle describes, must necessarily be dark-complexioned, tall, strongly made. Ah! *mon Dieu!* if she should happen to have a loud and masculine voice!" * * * And Albert felt a shudder pass through him at the bare supposition.

We shall not discuss the logic of that fine chain of reasoning by which Albert had arrived at the conclusion that a woman of a determined disposition, of a decided and marked character, must necessarily be *dark-complexioned, tall,* and *strongly built.* It belongs to youth to pronounce those absolute decisions, which no one is permitted to contradict. For our part, having lived somewhat longer than Albert, we have too often seen the fairest and most fragile of blondes display, in all situations, the most invincible obstinacy, for us to dare pronounce on such a question. We, therefore, remain neutral between those who see in the strength of the body an indication of the strength of the soul, and those who maintain, on the contrary, that human nature is only a curious mixture of contrasts no less curious.

Albert pursued the current of his thoughts without anything occurring to interrupt it; he was not even diverted from the subject of his reflections by the agreeable distraction which a traveller sometimes finds in a pretty face among his neighbors; for the other five places in the *diligence* were occupied by as many men, more or less repulsive in mien, of a taciturnity more or less chilling, and who dozed, as the *diligence* lumbered along, more or less profoundly.

Nevertheless, before the end of the first day, our young hero, constant in his preoccupation, had found a way to ask each of his travelling companions: "Monsieur, are you married?" * * * The only one who answered with that free and unembarrassed air which betrays the man who is conscious of his felicity, was he who uttered a frank: "*No*, Monsieur!" * * * The other four replied affirmatively. But amongst those four utterances of the word "*Yes*," three were given in tones which ascended the scale gradually from *dolente* to *disperato*. As for the fourth, it might have been marked *con furore*.

IV.

Towards the end of the second day, just at nightfall, the *diligence*, passing through the little village of B******, set down our Albert.

He had but one or two hours' walk before him, in order to reach the house of his uncle. He took a boy from the village to act as his guide. Albert had not visited this part of the country since the age at which he had been taken to Paris, to enter a college, whose benches he had only quitted to transfer himself to those of the law school. Thus he found himself now surrounded by the first recollections of his childhood. * * * * We confess that we have never found in these recollections the charms which novelists are pleased to ascribe to them: memory has a charm and a power only in the same degree that it is connected with an object which awakens some thought in the mind or some sentiment in the heart; no recollection of either sort can be attached to one's very early childhood; at that age we act without reflection, and life, which is as yet wholly exterior, and almost physical, has not any *inward sense*. But, to make amends, we assign to the associations of *youth* all that share of glowing emotions which we cut off from those of childhood. Who has not known the trouble, the obscure and delicious excitement, of those days when we forbode, without yet comprehending, what life is; and who that has known, is not moved at sight of the familiar scenes which recall it? It is a burning period of our existence, in which the heart, weary of repose, calls with eager cries for the storms which shall shatter that repose, and which shall rob it at the same time of happiness and innocence. It is then that we interrogate nature, as if she ought to reveal to us the secret of our destiny. She seems full of promises, or of threatenings in our regard; and her sun appears to shine but to light up the felicity which awaits us, or to veil his splendor only as a presage of our misfortunes. The soul yet unsaddened by disappointment, expands or grows tender, or is elevated at the aspect of those beautiful spots, whither, at a later period, we return sorrowful and depressed, as the bird, stripped of its plumage by furious gales, returns to its nest.

Preceded by his guide, Albert Deville pursued his way conversing with the lad, and asking him questions about the worthy inhabitants whose rustic names he could still recall to memory: very soon he recognized the spots which had witnessed his boyish pranks. There, he had clambered over a wall to steal apples, which he thought fairer than those of the Hesperides, precisely because it was necessary to climb a wall to reach them. Further on, he remembered to have taken a nest of young birds, which he had replaced on hearing the plaintive cries of the mother. "It is there," said he to himself, "that I fell into the water, in trying to get out my line which I had lost;" and chatting thus with himself, the young gentleman drew near the abode of his uncle. The house-dog, whose duty it was to guard the approach of that domestic fireside, began to bark as if to announce the arrival of a stranger. . . . . "I should be glad to know if my cousin has preserved any recollection of me," thought Albert. He would not have needed to ask himself that question, could he have seen what was passing within the domain which he was on the point of entering. On a rustic bench, placed at the door of the *salon*, which opened directly upon a terrace, sat a man who might have been thought still young, such were the health and vigor announced by his personal appearance, if his thin locks, and those as white as snow, had not indicated his age, which approached to sixty. At his side, a young girl, with a preoccupied and absent air, seemed to be listening to the least noises from without. As soon as the dog, springing towards the gate, began to bark, she rose precipitately, as if to re-enter the house. But this movement and the agitation which accompanied it, intimated rather a remembrance than an oblivion of the past.

"My father! it is he!" she cried.

"Perhaps, my child; but stay by me. Whatever assurance I may feel of his delight at seeing again the face of his uncle, I believe he will be at least equally charmed to behold once more that of his little cousin."

As Monsieur de Lavalette finished pronouncing these words, which he had accompanied with a glance of fond parental admiration, a young man of a tall and slender figure, with dark, expressive eyes and an eager glance, threw himself into his arms, overwhelming him with those spontaneous and natural endearments which age no longer knows how to bestow, but which it is still pleased to receive. At first, it was nothing but embraces, words half broken off, and affectionate mutual scrutiny between the uncle and nephew. The latter could not, however, help smiling when his uncle said to him: "But now take notice of your cousin!" As if that were not a thing already done! as if Albert had not already had time to notice that his cousin was a charming girl, tall, lithe, finely shaped, and whose gracious visage was *framed* in a waving luxuriance of the most beautiful fair hair. The young man appeared to think that the phrase: "Take notice of your cousin!" was equivalent to: "Embrace your cousin!"—— And he touched with his lips the fresh and roseate cheek which was submitted to him without requiring too many entreaties.

The evening passed as it commonly passes between people who love each other, and who meet after a prolonged absence: hurried questions, answers interrupted by fresh interrogations, allusions to the past, joyful by turns, and full of tender melancholy. Indeed, this evening, free from all constraint, might have been lengthened still, before Albert would have perceived anything but the pleasure it afforded him. But the announcement of supper came to break in upon this unrestrained chat, so delightful to Albert, that he regretted to find these old customs still observed by M. de Lavalette, although obsolete everywhere else. But when the joy of finding himself at table between two persons that he loved had had its effect upon him, when the gaiety of his uncle, who was enchanted to see him drink *vin du cru** with as much gusto as ever, had put him completely at his ease, he said to himself, that social refinement had been guilty of a real sacrilege on laying its hand on this most genial repast, which assembles the family around the same table at the hour when each, released alike from toil and care, can freely contribute his share of good humor to the common stock.

Supper finished, M. de Lavalette affectionately took the hand of his young guest, and "now," said he, "you can go seek the repose of which you must stand greatly in need. As for me," added he smiling, "at the risk of *giving you scandal*, I am going to have prayers for all these good people." And the sound of a bell, which had been ringing for several minutes, having ceased, Albert saw the servants enter, including those of the farm, the greater part of whom recognized him, and gathered round him with homely but respectful welcomes.

"Well, well! what art thou doing now, young man?" said M. de Lavalette, observing that his nephew did not budge from his seat.

"But, my dear uncle," answered Albert in a low voice, "I propose to stay; I have always thought that, let our private opinions be what they may, we ought to conform to the usages of the place where we happen to be."

"*To the usages!* well said! for there is here more than one kind of usage. Thy cousin—she always retires to her chamber when I begin prayers."

At this moment, indeed, Laurence approached her father, and having imprinted on his forehead a kiss of filial tenderness: "Good night, dear father," said she, lowering her voice, but so that her cousin could very well hear what she said: "I leave you to your graceful and poetic superstitions." Then she lighted the small lamp which she had in her hand, and opening the door of the dining-room, passed out, but not without turning her graceful head, like a person who expects to be followed. Albert, undecided, regarded first his uncle, then the door. But the uncle being already on his knees, and the door shut, Albert did like the rest, and assumed the attitude of respect and of prayer. There was something touching in this union of prayers, prayers raised still more to thank God for favors received than to ask new ones. The devotion of the master of the house was reflected on the faces of his servants. It was one soul that animated many countenances. Our hero could not help saying to himself, after all, that something was yet wanting in that picture (which he chose to regard only in its poetic aspect), and that something was the face of a young girl ——

* The rough wine made by the farmers for their own use—*home-made* wine.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE EARLY IRISH CHURCH.

[SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE NEW YORK TABLET.]

On Thursday, the 12th May, the Rev. Mr. O'Farrel delivered, in the City Concert Hall, Montreal, his concluding lecture on the "Early Irish Church."

There was a large and attentive audience, who listened with the greatest attention and admiration to the discourse of the Rev. and eloquent lecturer.

The Rev. Mr. O'Farrel began: Ladies and Gentlemen—We have met once more to consider the fortunes of the Irish Church. We have accompanied her so long in her onward march, entered so warmly into her hopes and fears, and so rejoiced and so sorrowed with her that we cannot think of abandoning her till we see her at length arrived at some place of refuge where she can enjoy a little repose. (Applause.) In our last lecture we brought down the history of the Irish Church till the reign of Charles the Second, who, four years after the death of Cromwell, was restored to the throne from which he had been previously driven. The Irish Church, as we have seen, was then in a lamentable position; and the state of that Church, with her pastors slain or in exile, and deprived of those natural guides, was pitiful in the extreme. In the year 1652 the most severe laws were enacted against the Catholic priests—and one of the clauses which I am about to read will give you an idea of their spirit: "That, if any one shall know where a priest is concealed, in caves, woods, or caverns; or, if by any chance he shall meet one in any highway, and not immediately take him into custody, and present him before the next magistrate, such person shall be declared a traitor and enemy to the republic; and he is accordingly to be cast into prison, flogged through the public street, and afterwards have his ears cut off; or if it should be seen that he kept up any correspondence or friendship with a priest he is to suffer death." The Irish Church never appeared so broken or so helpless as at this fatal period, and well might our enemies exult and sing songs of triumph on the downfall of her who had so long resisted them. But St. Patrick was still mindful for his Church, and in that hour of gloom and desolation she was succored; new courage was infused into her, and, though sorely pressed, the Irish Church was still enabled to fight with advantage. (Applause.) As soon as the news of the death of the Primate reached Rome, in 1669, every one found the importance of naming a worthy successor. The primatial chair was no longer a place of splendor, and could be filled only by one who had the zeal of a martyr. At length Clement

e Ninth selected Plunkett as Primate of Ireland. The future mar- was then about thirty-eight years of age. He was born in 1631, Loughcrew, county Meath, and in 1649 he left Ireland for the Irish llege at Rome, and, after a brilliant course, was appointed to one the brightest honors of the Propaganda. When he came to Ireland e churches had been all demolished, and the few priests who re- ined in the country were tracked so closely, and watched so well, t they could scarcely ever venture from their hiding-places. There s not a bishop, not a colleague in the episcopacy to aid him or give n instructions, when he undertook to raise from her fallen position, d animate with a new spirit, the Church of St. Patrick. But with igh and holy zeal, with a zeal worthy of his sacred position, he red nothing. Fortunately, soon after his arrival, Berkely was ap- nted Viceroy of Ireland, and under his mild administration the imate was left at liberty to supply the more urgent spiritual ne- sities of his country. The necessity of priests was the first he tried remedy. So active was he in the ordination of priests that, in 72, only three years after his nomination, the number of secular rgy doubled, and the greater part of the vacant sees were filled. us the Irish Church had breathing time to recruit her strength and ther fresh energy for her coming trials. The Primate made fre- ent pastoral visitations, in order to cheer and encourage his people his admonitions. His own life was a painful one; indeed, on his al, he declared that he only lived in a little thatched house, with e room for a library, and that not seven feet high, and only one vant, though scarcely able to support even one, as he had only 0 a year, which was all he had ever received.

In 1677 a terrible storm broke over the Irish Church. Titus Oates ented his infamous Popish plot, which convulsed England for three rs, and caused some of the best Catholic blood to flow on the ffold. In 1678, Lord Ormond, then Viceroy of Ireland, was in- med by the English Parliament that Peter Talbot, Catholic Arch- hop of Dublin, was concerned in this plot The Viceroy knew the tement to be absurd; but the prelate was arrested, however, and 1681 died a martyr for the faith. To go back, on the 16th of Oc- er, 1678, a new order was issued, commanding the banishment of Popish Archbishops, Bishops and Deacons, and other ecclesiastics ercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction by authority of the see of me; and it was made imperative that they should all depart the ngdom by the 20th of November; and Mass was ordered to be sup- ssed in the city and suburbs of Dublin and other principal places Ireland. Finally before the end of this year, a new order was is- ed to remove all Popish inhabitants from Galway, Limerick, Water- d, Clonmel, Kilkenny, and Drogheda, except a few trading as rchants, and a few artizans and others, necessary for the towns d garrisons. It would seem, from the conduct of Parliament, that y again wished to drive the Irish nation into a rebellion. At this riod, too, the court began to foster informers, a class of men ready sell their consciences and their oaths for gold.

Having here read the opinion of Charles James Fox, on the enormi- s exercised towards the Catholics at this period, the Rev. lecturer ntinued—In this plot of Oates, Plunkett was accused of being im- cated. On the 6th of December, 1679, he was arrested and com- tted to Newgate, Dublin, for being a zealous Papist. Infamous n were brought to swear he was guilty of high treason, and though had but sixty pounds a year, they took oath that, before his arrest, was engaged in a plot to invite an army of French and Spaniards Ireland, and that he would support them at his own expense to ist in dethroning the King of England. (A laugh.) No jury in land, though then bad enough, in all conscience, would convict on h evidence. His trial was, therefore, transferred to England, a ntry where his character was unknown, and where a judge and y were prejudiced against everything Irish. He was arraigned a charge of encompassing the death of the King. He was not owed to bring witnesses from Ireland. Of course he was found ilty. The prelate was calm and resigned, gentle, yet resolute; in t he proved himself the worthy successor of the glorious apostle. showed no affected indifference; he displayed no burst of indig- ion, but in his demeanor there shone the noblest simplicity with all firmness of a martyr. (Applause.) The contrast between the rge of the judge and the language of the prelate is remarkable. e judge, Sir Francis Pemberton, says—"Look you here, Mr. Plun- t, you have been indicted with the great and heinous crime—the atest and most heinous of all crimes—high treason. (His real me was his faith.) You have done as much as you could to dis- nor God, besides by setting up your false religion, than which there nothing more displeasing to God; yours is a religion worse than all superstitions the world has seen, and most derogatory to God, and s glory—so a greater crime than yours, being against God and the ng, it is impossible for a man to engage in." At the end of this ulting tirade, the prelate answered meekly: "May it please your dship to give me leave to speak one word. If I were a man who d not care of my conscience, or did not think of my censcience or mighty God, or heaven or hell, I might have saved my life, if I uld only consider my own good, and accuse the innocent. But I uld rather die 10,000 deaths than wrongfully accuse others. The e will come when you shall see what the witnesses are who appear ainst me. I would rather die 10,000 deaths than take a farthing any man's goods, or a day of his liberty, or a moment off his life." e prelate having lain six months in jail, before his trial, was now tenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and this was carried o effect at Tyburn, on the 1st July, 1681. (Sensation.) The ene- s of Plunkett's faith were well aware of his innocence; in fact, the rl of Essex applied to the King for a pardon, stating that it was possible the matters sworn against him were true. The King an- ered in a passion: "Why did you not declare that at the trial, it n might have done good, but now I can pardon nobody." Thus d Oliver Plunkett—and was his death not really a martyrdom? He nself felt it was so: he rejoiced at it in the simplicity of his heart; , as he wrote a little before his execution, he said he rejoiced his death for his own sake and for that of his country. (Applause.) Another storm was again about to burst on the Irish Church. In 88, William of Orange was proclaimed King of England, instead of mes, who had fled to France. The Irish people had remained true the Stuarts, though they deserved but little from our nation. r forefathers fought well, but the King was unfit to lead them. The sh fought with bravery, and the student of Irish history need not sh as he reads of the conduct of his ancestors. The Boyne, though al, was not disgraceful. "The word was "Change Kings and we'll ht the battle over again;" and Athlone, Aughrim, and Limerick tell that the Irish were no cowards, contradicting the sneer "that y never fight well at home." (Applause.) I would willingly ntion the names of Enniskillen and Londonderry in the North, and uld add my testimony to the bravery of the defence, if that defence d not since been made the pretext for sewing animosity and dis- d among the people. On the 3d October, 1691, the articles of merick were signed, and the stone, as pointed out by tradition, ll remains.

"The Treaty-stone of Limerick—the monument unbuilt,
Of Irish right and Irish might, and Saxon shame and guilt.
* * * * * * * *
That saw the hope of Lucan's earl—his own unconquered band,
With stern resolve, but broken hearts, around it take their stand;
That saw him sign the treaty, and saw him sign in vain,
For shamefully it was broken ere the *wild geese* reached the main."

d the provisions of the treaty been carried out, more attach- nt to the name of England, and more friendship for the country, well as more respect for British justice would have grown up. t, alas! for Ireland; and, alas! for the honor of England! the k was scarcely dry upon the paper, and the Irish troops scarcely t of sight, when the articles to which the faith and generosity of great nation were pledged, were shamelessly broken. In 1692, the ar following the treaty, an act was passed requiring the people to ke the oath of abjuration, and to make them swear that they did t believe in transubstantiation; and the invocation of the Virgin ary, and the celebration of Mass were interdicted as damnable d idolatrous. In 1694, on pretence of confirming the articles of e treaty of Limerick, a bill was introduced which effectually de- oyed them all. In 1695, it was decreed that no Catholic should nd his child to any foreign seminary, or entrust its education to e clergy, or Catholic private family, under penalty of forfeiture of real and personal estate during life. A heavy penalty was also inflicted on any Papist who should be found teaching school. In 1697, a bill for the banishment of all Catholic ecclesiastics was passed, making it a crime, to be punished by imprisonment, if the command was not obeyed before the 1st May, 1698; and if any should return the penalty was death. By this measure 495 secular clergy, and 424 of the regular clergy were forced to take refuge in foreign lands; and only some two or three hundred contrived to remain in Ireland. And, as if to add insult to injury, it was decreed, further, that no one should be interred in any Monastery, Abbey, or old Church, not used by Protestants. But an attempt was made to crush the laity as well as the clergy, and for this purpose a commission was instituted to inquire into defective titles; and by this means land to the extent of a million sixty thousand seven hundred and ninety-two acres was confiscated. Such was the prostrate condition of the Church and the country when William died in 1702.

In 1703 a bill was passed, entitled an "Act to Prevent the Further Growth of the Papacy," the enactments of which were terribly oppressive. By this bill a father, merely on account of his faith, was deprived of all power over his estate, if his heir was, or became, a Protestant. He was also deprived of the right of selling, mortgaging, or otherwise disposing of his estate, or paying his debts with it, or leaving possession of it to his children. The father became merely a tenant for life, of his own property; and his Protestant heir could at any time deprive him of it. The Catholic father was also deprived of the custody and tuition of his own children; if the child, no matter what his age, professed Protestantism. Another clause of this measure prohibited a Protestant from marrying with a Catholic; it also decreed that no Catholic could purchase any land; and finally it endeavored to destroy all entails in the families of Catholics, by enacting in the case of the death of a Papist, if no Protestant heir came in within three months, that the property should be divided equally among all the children. This was to prevent any large landed possessions descending in Catholic families. In vain the legislature was petitioned to remove these grievances; in vain humanity and eloquence strove to mitigate the law, whose 15th and 16th clauses prohibited all Papists from dwelling in the cities or suburbs of Limerick, or of Galway. In 1704, a bill was passed obliging all clergymen to have their names and residences registered in the public record. The object of this soon became apparent. Formerly some of the clergy contrived to avoid the severity of the laws, and remain in the kingdom, but now their names and residences were in possession of the authorities, who did not hesitate in using them. Another law was passed in 1709, obliging all clergymen to take the oath of abjuration, on or before the 24th of March, 1710, under penalty of transportation for life, or high treason, if ever again found in the kingdom. Of 1,080 registered clergymen only three staid, and took the oath, the rest preferred exile to apostacy. In order to prevent all possibility of escape the House of Commons had some years before resolved that informing against a Papist was an honorable service, and fifty pounds was the reward for any Archbishop, Bishop, or Vicar, and twenty pounds for the other clergy. Thus were informers legally recognized; the priest-hunter became a most important agent in the state, and a profession which was disgraceful in the days of Tiberius and Nero, became meritorious in the days of Queen Ann. We are told that one of these men, a Portuguese, in order to worm himself into the good graces of the Catholic clergy, assumed the garb of a Catholic priest; in 1718 he arrested seven of them, and for this his reward was a sum of money equal to two or three thousand dollars of the present day. In the words of Thomas Davis, a Protestant poet, we have the lament:

"Oh! weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained.
Oh! weep those days, the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned;
When year by year,
For serf and peer,
Fresh cruelties were made by law,
And filled with hate,
Our Senate State,
To weld anew each fetter's flaw;
Oh! weep those days, those penal days—
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

Such is an outline of the penal code under which Ireland groaned during the two reigns that followed the revolution. Under these laws the high spirit seemed to be broken, and every feeling of manliness seemed to be banished from their souls. Yet it was in this down-trodden condition the first rays of light began to dawn on the Irish Church. You may probably ask—how was education preserved in these dark times. Principally on the continent, by the charity and forethought of some benevolent Irish, and the kindness of some foreign Catholics, houses had been established in all the large cities for the Irish youth who wished to consecrate themselves to ecclesiastical study. The principal colleges were in Louvaine, Rome, Lisbon and Paris, and here were produced such men as Colgan, O'Cleary, and Peter Walsh; and in some there were books printed in the Irish language for the instruction of the Irish Catholics at home. Thus we see how the nations which formerly reaped benefits from the labors of the Irish missionaries paid back in the days of our distress the blessings with which she had enriched them in the days of her prosperity. Another way in which education was preserved was in the hedge-schools, and though now some may seek to throw ridicule upon these schools, we ought to remember that when education was prohibited, it was here the spark was kept alive through long years of persecution. Such are the means by which the Irish Church endeavored to counteract the evils of the Penal Laws. There was yet another way which I am happy in mentioning, because the agents were some of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. As many of the Catholics could not purchase land in their own name, they would find some of their Protestant neighbors to do so for them, and it also frequently happened that Catholics made over their estates publicly to Protestants, with the secret understanding that the lands should only thus be kept until it was the interest of the Catholic proprietors again to claim them. By this charitable fraud many a valuable estate was preserved, and in no case did any Protestant ever break the trust which had been reposed in him. During the time of the two Georges, there was a slight relaxation in favor of the Catholics, except, however, when there was any fear of a French invasion. This was a short-sighted policy, and the consequences became apparent when, on Fontenoy, in 1745, the Irish Brigade, with the war cry of "Remember Limerick!" won the victory for King Louis. (Applause.) In the meantime the Catholic people had been silently progressing, and their numbers were increasing. In 1672, the population of Ireland was 1,100,000; of whom 800,000 were Protestants; in 1733, notwithstanding the large number who had emigrated to France, after the formation of the Irish Brigade, notwithstanding the diminution caused by the famine in 1721 and 1722, yet the population was 2,100,000, of whom about 700,000 were Protestants. In 1782, the population was three millions, of whom the Catholics, according to Grattan, numbered over two millions. In 1800 there were four millions, and three of these were Catholics. In 1841, the population was 8,175,000, of whom 7,000,000 were Catholics. In 1746, permission was accorded for the celebration of the Catholic worship; but a melancholy accident having taken place while a number of Catholics were worshipping in a garret in Dublin, leave was given to erect chapels. In 1760 Canada was ceded by France to England, but it was specially stipulated that the Catholic faith should be tolerated. Upon this fact men began to reason and ask why was not the same privilege extended to Ireland. But another argument more powerful produced a better effect, for in 1775 the American colonies rose in revolt, and declared themselves independent. (Loud applause.) England had become embarrassed with the Seven Years' War, and Ireland had become defenceless. In 1778 the English Government began to think that there were such men as Irish Catholics, and by the passing of the Relief Bill they were allowed to buy property but not yet in fee simple.

After this came that brilliant epoch, conspicuous amid the gloom of ages—more glorious from the cloud that preceded the rising, and the storm that followed the disappearance of the volunteers. On the 15th of February, 1782, came the Dungannon resolutions. On the 20th of February following a bill was introduced into the Irish Parliament for the removal of the burdens which were pressing upon the Irish nation; and on the 16th of April, the same year, Grattan rose to congratulate the Irish Parliament on its newly acquired independence. But, alas! eighteen years afterwards, that same Parliament was destroyed; and he who had rocked the cradle of Irish independence followed it to the grave. In the year 1793 a bill was passed granting to the Catholics the elective franchise and the right to carry arms in their own defence; also, the right to serve on petty juries, to enter the army, and navy, and colleges, &c. But they were still excluded from Parliament and from five or six of the highest places of trust; still these concessions were very valuable, and gave to the Irish Catholics the desire of acquiring complete emancipation. In 1794 Maynooth was founded; and, at the suggestion of Burke, a grant of £8.000 a year was given; and, in 1846, it was at length raised to £30,000 by Sir Robert Peel. At the time of the French revolution a great many priests who were banished found refuge in Maynooth, and added much to its reputation.

Whilst the Irish Catholics were thus endeavoring to recover their liberties the Rebellion of '98 broke out. Wexford and Wicklow rose in the South, and Down, in the North, but they were crushed, and by force, fraud, cruelty and perjury was the legislative union only accomplished. (Applause.) Thank God the Irish Catholics had nothing to do with that iniquitous measure. There were none of them in the house, and outside they were opposed to it. Sixty years have now passed away, yet the Irish Catholics have not changed their sentiments in this respect, for they feel it is the curse of their country. For some years the spirit of the nation was cowed by the severities of the rebellion, and in this state the Irish Catholics remained until the year 1805. The great difficulty they had now to contend with was the question of the veto, which means—that the English claimed as the price of emancipation a negative voice in the election of Irish Bishops, so that it could set aside any candidate before being presented to the Pope. The great majority of the Irish and English Catholics protested against this, and Dr. Milner, an English prelate, represented the ecclesiastical body, and Daniel O'Connell led the Irish people. By the efforts of both, the vetoists were defeated, and Emancipation was carried without any of those restrictions which would have rendered it a curse rather than a blessing—(applause) —and Catholics once more were freemen on their own soil After three centuries of persecution they came from the furnace of trial with their virtues more lustrous, and, like the phœnix, they rose from their ashes more vigorous than before. (Applause.) We have now glanced at the three principal eras of the Irish Church—this, the fourth one, may be called the period of the resurrection. In this period there is no great Irish ecclesiastic who suffered martyrdom or represented the civil and religious spirit of his time. And in order to find the leading figure, we must descend from the ranks of the ecclesiastical body, and in my opinion, in the ranks of the laity, we discover the true representative of the resurrection of the Irish Church to be the layman, Daniel O'Connell. (Applause.) He it was who devoted his life to the breaking of her chains; he it was who remained faithful to her interests when others doubted, or dropped off. (Applause.) Yes, it was a layman whom God raised up for that glorious work of removing the burden from the Irish Church and people, and for combining the nation in liberty and unity. (Applause.) He was a worthy representative of the great Irishmen of the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell, and that which Hugh O'Neill, O'Donnell, and Owen Roe sought to accomplish with the sword, he effected with the voice and pen. In the wake of Emancipation followed the greatest results; the clergy increased, seminaries were founded, and splendid edifices were raised to the Majesty of the God of Heaven; and, last of all, a Catholic University itself has been built. All this has been done in less than thirty years since Emancipation, notwithstanding the poverty of the Church during the ages of unparalleled distress which followed that event. (Applause.) In 1844 a College was founded in Dublin for the education of clergymen for foreign missions, and though only supported by voluntary contributions, it has now 150 students—a greater number than any other Missionary College, the Propaganda itself not be excepted. (Applause.) Already are those missionaries to be found wherever the English language is spoken; in fact it was only last year I received a letter announcing the death of a missionary who had left that college before me, and who had been taken out of his confessional by the Sepoys and hanged on a tree before his own church. (Sensation.) The Irish have become a missionary people, scattered over the face of the earth where the foot of a white man, perhaps, never trod before, and their priests have penetrated where, perhaps, no missionary ever ventured. (Applause.) The Irish people have their faults, it is true, faults they do not take much care to hide, but these faults are to be attributed to the circumstances under which they lived so long, but their virtues on this account only shine the brighter. (Applause.) What other people would come through an ordeal of 700 years so unscathed, with so few marks of slavery on their brow, with spirits so buoyant, with souls so light, and with such an intense desire for self-improvement? Who could expect that a slave, with his fetters struck off but yesterday, would exhibit all the attributes of the freeman to-day? England now knows that Ireland, well treated, would become the brightest jewel in her crown, would forget the wrongs of past ages, and fight the bravest by her side. We will now close this discourse on the Irish Church with the wish that it were more worthy of the subject and of you. I have had no pretension to tell you anything new, nor to propound any unknown theories, but it has been my desire to analyze the principal events of our history, so that you might see the difficulties that beset the path of the Church and nation. In thanking you for your kindness and attention, I may say that if I have rendered the history of the Church and of Ireland more worthy of your study, or made their names dearer to you, or touched in your hearts a single chord that binds you to the old land, I am but too well satisfied, and my expectations are amply realized. Though living in a strange land, I must confess that the name of Ireland has charms for me beyond that of any other country in the world; from my childhood I have been taught to love her more than all other nations; her history is dear to me; her Church and her doctrines usurp my affections, and with this spirit I hope you will enter into what I have said about our fatherland. (Applause.)

"Yet all these fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, *Erin go bragh.*
Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
Ada thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh."

The Rev gentleman retired amidst the loudest applause.

The Rev. Mr. O'Brien, the Director of the St. Patrick's Literary Association, came forward and said: I take this opportunity, ladies and gentlemen, to return you the thanks of the Association, of which I am the Director, for the favor you have shown us in attending the course of lectures which has just finished, and for the encouragement you have thus been pleased to extend to us. As an Irishman, I feel proud of these lectures, and I am certain you all participate in the same feeling. (Loud applause.) And, expressing this pride, it is impossible to conceal the fact that the talents of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrel have been the principal cause of their success, as well as of the enjoyment which you, as well as I, have experienced. (Applause.) The St. Patrick's Association has only been in existence for six months, yet, under the most favorable circumstances, it has already been seven times before the public. (Applause.) As its Director and Treasurer, I am glad to be able to state, that we have a library, which in less than three weeks, will open with a thousand dollars' worth of books. Again, thanking you for the interest you have taken in our welfare, I will retire, feeling grateful that you have been so much delighted with the lectures now brought to a conclusion. (Loud applause.)

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The *Northern Whig*, Belfast, says: "A fire was discovered to have broken out in the extensive premises of Messrs. Wm. Dobbin & Co., of North street and Long-lane. These gentlemen conduct one of the largest establishments in Belfast connected with the sale of chemical materials, drugs, oils, colors, tea, matches, &c., in fact, their stores were filled with an immense collection of miscellaneous merchandise. The first alarm of fire was given by the watchman on the premises. After five or six hours' labor the fire was believed to be completely got under, at which time there were some seventy-five feet of the premises, extending from the North street front along the rear in Long-lane, completely destroyed with all their contents. Messrs. Dobbin & Co. are insured to the extent of £4,175 in the Liverpool and London, the Atlas, and the Sun Fire Insurance Companies, and it is believed that this will fully cover all the loss."

A copy of the "summons and plaint," says the Belfast *Whig*, served upon the proprietor of the *Daily Express*, for copying the *Times'* report of the Crown Solicitor's and Attorney-General Whiteside's slander upon Mr. McCaldin, appeared in the *Whig* of Saturday. We have since learned that the action in this case has been withdrawn, the defendant offering an ample apology, and agreeing to pay all costs. Notice of action has been served upon the Attorney-General and the publishers of the *Times*.

Carlow.

A poor woman named Egars had a narrow escape from being severely injured. It appears that a private car was driving up Tullow street, at about three o'clock, when the woman was crossing the street, and not perceiving the car approach, it came in contact with her, knocking her down, and passing over her legs. Fortunately, however, she did not receive much injury, but was greatly frightened by the severe shock. She was conveyed home in a covered car, and medical attendance was provided for her.

Cork.

The nomination of a member to represent Bandon borough took place on Monday, May 2d. In consequence of its being generally known that there would be no opposition to the re-election of the late member, the Hon. Captain Bernard, little interest was created by the proceedings, and very few persons attended in the court-house at the appointed hour with the exception of the captain's personal friends and supporters. The High Sheriff having taken the chair, and the writ being read by the Sub-Sheriff, J. B. Johnson, Mr. Wm. C. Sullivan proposed the re-election of their late representative. Mr. R. Tressilian briefly seconded the motion, when, no other candidate appearing, the High Sheriff declared the Hon. Capt. Wm. S. Bernard duly elected.

A respectable farmer named Cornelius Cronin and his wife were drowned on the evening of the 10th April, in crossing the river Blackwater between Mill street and their residence at Gurteenafinogue. They were crossing the river on horseback, which was much swollen from the late fall of rain, the horse through some obstruction stumbled and fell, and the wife was carried off—the husband plunged after her, but though he laid hold of her, he was, from the strength of the current, unable to render her any assistance, and both were lost. The husband was found next day about a mile from the place of this sad event—but the wife is not yet discovered. Deceased have left a family of five young children.

Derry.

The General Central Committee of the Grand Lodge of Ireland have issued a document calling upon Orangemen to act together at the coming elections, and to consult their respective county lodges before pledging themselves or taking any action.—*Sentinel.*

Dublin.

Judgment on the application to admit the State Prisoners now in the jails of Cork and Kerry to bail was delivered in the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday, 4th inst., and it amounts to this—that the prisoners are to remain in the dungeons until the next assizes. Thus are those young men to undergo previous to trial an imprisonment extending from the commencement of last December up to some time in the coming August. This is as it was expected to be. From the vindictive manner in which those proceedings were conducted from the first, it was easy to foresee that there would be no relaxation even for an instant of any severity against the prisoners which it was in the power of the Crown to exercise. The English garrison in Ireland will do its worst in all cases where its existence is supposed to be menaced. That fact is patent. We doubt, however, that it will terrify the Irish people—a people who have braved something more than the penalties of "Treason-felony" for devotion to their native land—it will not terrify men whose forefathers went unflinching—proudly—gladly, to the battle-field, to the block and the gibbit for the cause of Ireland.—*Nation.*

We are pleased to see that Dublin is not to be left in the matter of daily news as a spoil to be divided between the brutality of the Protestant Press and the advocacy of Catholic interests by a champion who, being a Protestant, adopts the sentiment of Captain Dalgetty, "For God and my standard." The *Evening News* has been started in an altered form as a daily paper, price one penny. There will also be a morning issue under the title of the *Morning News*, same price.

An effort has been inaugurated by Lord Howth and others, to commemorate, in some suitable manner, the genius and public and private worth of the late Sir Philip Crampton. At an early age, says a contemporary, he succeeded, without any extrinsic advantages, in obtaining a high position, and during a long and active life, which was prolonged to the patriarchal age of upwards of eighty-one years, he continued, with unabated zeal, to promote the progress of every useful society and of every branch of science in this city. His investigations and discoveries contributed very much to direct the attention of Englishmen and foreigners to Ireland, and to teach them to view the progress of science in this country with interest and with respect. In his profession he was eminently gifted as a surgeon; and as an operator he has seldom had an equal. He not only practiced the art successfully, but he enriched it by his discoveries, at the same time that he elevated and adorned it by his genius.

The Paris correspondent of the Dublin *Nation* sends that journal the following: "Nearly all the troops are gone. The 73d Regiment left on Thursday. It is commanded by Colonel O'Malley, the son of a hero of '98, and as brave a soldier as there is in the army. There are several Irish officers and generals in the French army now going to Italy. They will, no doubt, fight bravely, and shed their blood for France, but is there one among them who, in dying, would say, 'Would that this blood were for Ireland.'"

Sir Henry Meredyth, Bart, L.L.D., Q.C., one of the paid Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland, died on Monday night, 2d inst., at an advanced age, at his residence, in Rutland square.

Fermanagh.

On Easter Tuesday night, some of the idle people who are associated together in this county for the purpose of doing nightly mischief to their neighbors' property, visited Gola Castle, the residence of Major Sterne, and carried away the iron gate from the new entrance in the townland of Lissolvin, close to Brookeboro'. It is strongly suspected they belong to that party who fired the shot some years since into the game-keeper's bedroom in the demesne of Colebrooke, and carried away the lead from Colebrooke House, and also from the school-house at the entrance-gate a short time since, for which Mr. Brooke has still a reward of ten pounds offered for the discovery of the offender.—*Mail.*

Galway.

We have to-day, says the Galway *Vindicator* of Saturday, the 30th ult., the melancholy duty of announcing the act of self-destruction by an unfortunate pervert named John Coyne, who for the last ten years had abandoned his faith, and became, for a consideration, infinitely less than that received by Judas Iscariot, the emissary of sonperism under the Irish Church Missionary Society. The wretched man on Wednesday last shot himself with a double-barrelled pistol upon a heap of stones in the ruins of an old forge, at Bushy-park, about two miles from Galway. An inquest was held on his body next day, and a verdict of "accidental death" returned.

Kildare.

While the 5th Lancers were performing their evolutions a few days since, on the Curragh, an accident of rare occurrence took place, which proves the formidable nature of that weapon the lance. It appears that while charging in squadrons the lance belonging to one of the men in the front rank slipped from his grasp, the butt-end, owing to the force of the movement, became fixed in the ground, whereupon the point of the lance entered the horse's breast, penetrated through the animal's body, and appeared six inches above the back, behind the saddel. The wound being mortal, the horse was immediately shot. The rider escaped unhurt.

Leitrim.

Mr. Brady has been again adopted by the Liberals of Leitrim—unanimously adopted. For the first time since the Union, a Liberal will be returned for Leitrim *without opposition*. The high sheriff has fixed Thursday, the 12th May, for election.

Limerick.

The *Munster News* says: "This morning, Monday, 2d inst., to the regret of his family, at his house, George street, Limerick, in his 85th year, died John Norris Russell, Esq. During a long active life he fulfilled all the duties of a true Christian. He was a gentleman of the highest honor and integrity, beloved by his family, and respected by a large circle of friends. His enterprise and energy largely increased the trade of this his native city, and by the extensive employment he gave, happiness and comfort were spread amongst thousands. He was the venerable head of the prosperous, extensive, and enterprising firm that bears his name. Over the whole of this city the manifestations of regret and respect are visible, and the shipping in the docks and river display the emblems that signify the loss of one honored by sea and land."

The following letter has been received from T. Ronayne Sarsfield, Esq., D.L., approving of, and subscribing to, the fund of the above Testimonial: "Doughcloyne House, Cork, April 25, 1859. Dear Sir—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st inst. It gives me sincere gratification to perceive that the people of Limerick are resolved to confer honor on the memory of a man so intimately connected with the annals of their city as is General Sarsfield. It is also most gratifying to know that the most eloquent historian of our own times has done full justice both as to the honor of the man, and to his bravery and ability as a soldier. May I request that you will add my name to the subscription list for £5, which I shall transmit by the first opportunity."

A despatch dated Limerick, Wednesday evening, May the 4th, says: "The city is in a fearful state of excitement. Large bodies of military and police are parading and stationed in the streets. In Broad street, about six o'clock, it appears the police were assailed, when stones and other missiles were freely used. The Riot Act was read, and orders were given to fire. Two men were killed and five wounded. It is feared that, despite the exertions of the clergy and magistrates, together with the police and military forces, some further serious rioting will occur. Demonstrations are numerous in honor of the successful candidates, Messrs. Russell and Gavin."

Louth.

On Wednesday night, the 4th inst., says the Drogheda *Argus*, a man came to the Primate's palace, in Fair street, and stood there till he met the Rev. Mr. Hanratty, who was about going in. He told him that he was wanted to attend a sick call at the house of a man named Pentony, who resides near Killineer, on the North Road. It was not the reverend gentleman's night of duty, but, thinking that Pentony wanted him, he went with the man, who wore a large coat, with the collar over the ears, and his hat nearly down on his face, so as to be unrecognizable. When they got near the quarry, on the right side of the road, the man told Father Hanratty to step aside, as that was the way to the house. The night being extremely dark he could not see the way before him, but walked on as directed, and stumbled right into the quarry, foremost on his head, but the fall, fortunately, was broken by a projecting bank, otherwise he must have been killed. His face was greatly lacerated. His hat was bulged in and was cut through on the side, and it is probable that were it not for that the reverend gentlemen would have lost his life. As it was he was greatly injured, and so stunned by the fall that he remained lying on the ground over an hour. On recovering he walked home slowly. The man, after leading him to the precipice, made off, and it is to be regretted that the diabolical villain cannot be identified by his intended victim. Father Hanratty has since been attended by Drs. Pentland and Horgan, and we are happy to announce that he is progressing favorably. On next day inquiries were made at Pentony's house, but there was no one sick there nor in the neighborhood. The affair is wrapped in mystery.

The French "Chasmaree Bonealias," bound for Belfast from Bayonne, with Indian corn, was driven ashore in Dundalk bay, close to where the wreck of the Mary Stoddart, wrecked in April, 1858, lies. The crew took to the rigging, where they were lashed when passed by the Earl of Erne steamer, they refusing to quit the wreck. Mr. Henry McDermot, managing clerk to the United States Vice Consul, accompanied by another clerk—a young Frenchman, Henri Renand—also in Mr. Caraher's employment, and four Blackrock fishermen—namely, John Mathews, Patrick McKeon, Patrick Smith, and Francis Prendergast, put off in a yawl from the Blackrock, in the midst of the gale, and succeeded in taking the crew, consisting of the master, two sailors, and two small boys ashore in an exhausted state, the boatmen having to carry them in their arms to place them in Mr. Caraher's car, which was in attendance to convey them to a place of warmth in Mr. Patrick Carroll's public-house, where they were cared during the night. The small boys were nearly dead when taken ashore. Mr. Carvill, the newly appointed French Consular Agent, arrived in Dundalk, and took charge of the crew. If the weather moderates the vessel, it is hoped, will be got off after being lightened. The brave fellows that rescued the crew at the peril of their own lives deserve the greatest praise. The poor little French boys actually kissed the boat on being placed ashore.—*Newry Examiner.*

Longford.

The High Sheriff, Ralph A. Dopping, has fixed Monday, the 2d of May, for the Longford election. The Longford election will, therefore, be one of the earliest of the county elections; and, as there will be no contest, the business will, in all probability, terminate in an hour or two.

Sligo.

Mr. Lynch has been most warmly received by the electors of the county during his canvass, and already the Conservatives have taken fright at what they consider an onslaught on their citadel. Pressing circulars have been issued to the landlords of the county, calling on them to put the screw on their tenantry, and announcing a coalition between Sir R. G. Booth and Mr. Cooper. Whatever chance Sir R. G. Booth might have had by standing alone, he is only endangering his position by endeavoring to help Mr. Cooper up the hill with him. The constituency of this county numbers 2,400; of these there is a clear majority of eight hundred for Mr. Lynch.

Tipperary.

Our readers remember the case of the unfortunate Cormacks, who were unjustly hanged for the murder of Ellis. Their sisters have been left destitute. A correspondent of the Tipperary *Advocate* writes: "I am glad to be able to inform you that a subscription has been at length set on foot here in behalf of the sisters of the ill-fated brothers Cormack, and with a view of enabling them to emigrate to America, to a still surviving brother and sister, that have been for some time settled there. Ever since the melancholy death of their brothers, it was intended that such subscription should be raised for them, but as long as there remained any hope of obtaining an investigation into the foul and execrable means whereby the legal murder of those deomed men had been accomplished, it was thought well to defer it, in the hope that they might be afforded the consolation of seeing their brothers' memory redeemed from the foul stain of murder cast upon it by the verdict of a packed jury at Nenagh, and the hateful actors in that terrible drama exposed and punished. All hope of an investigation would seem now to be abandoned on every side, and it is time, therefore, that something should be done for these poor, broken-hearted, and desolate sisters. Immediately after the execution of their brothers, their house was razed to the ground, as if to erase every vestige of their memory from the land, and they, the sisters, were obliged to take refuge in some of the wretched hovels in the suburbs of our town, where, sorrow-stricken and oppressed, they have been endeavoring to eke out a miserable existence ever since. And were it not for the kind encouragement and assistance given them by the good nuns of the Presentation Convent, Thurles, aided by the charity of the priests and people of the town, their fate should have been wretched indeed.

Wexford.

They tell us our country is not at war, but certain it is that some power hostile to our people contrives to slay or banish them in considerable numbers, and with a perseverance which knows no rest. The most deadly war that ever the world saw did not kill so many as have been slain in Ireland, or have perished in flying from it during the last twelve years. This terrible destruction has been brought about by famine, prolonged and intensified by the conduct of those who have taken it on themselves to rule us; by the fever which necessarily followed in its track; by the flight of thousands of the people in the hope of escaping from the famine, the fever, and the law-makers, so fatal to them in Ireland. It was brought about by the operation of the crowbar, by systematic, wholesale, and perfectly lawful evictions, and by strictly legal confiscations of the property the persecuted people had honestly and toilfully made in their own land. That war is still in progress. Mark the latest of its sacrifices. On Thursday week an emigrant vessel, laden with Irish people, and bound for America, was wrecked on the coast of Wexford. Three hundred and sixty-nine men, women and children, natives of Ireland, whom a home government would have kept in comfort and honor in their own country, on that day were swallowed up in the deep. It would be a terrible battle that would have killed so many. The first strife for the independence of Italy will not strike down an equal number; and it will not be so sad a scene. An account of this mournful affair is given in another column, but no pen could paint the horror of the sight. There was nothing in it to cheer or to inspire—to dash the disaster with a few streaks of glory; it was a sudden, sickening, plunge of nearly four hundred individuals at once into the abyss of death. The poor people had left Liverpool, and met their sad fate within sight of their own land—that land from which, if things were rightly ordered amongst us, they should never have departed. All we can do now for them is to pray may God be merciful to their souls.—*Nation.*

Mr. John Rea has gone to New Ross determined to fight the battle of independence against the candidate of the jury-packing government in that renowned borough. If the Liberals of New Ross want to rid themselves of a Tory representative, they can have no hesitation in accepting Mr. Rae, for in his person and that of Mr. Charley, they can see the two sides of the picture at one glance—on one side, the real old rank Tory—on the other, its active and eloquent enemy.

THE WRECK OF THE POMONA.

LIST OF PASSENGERS—THE LOST AND SAVED.

The following is a correct list of the names of the passengers by the ill-fated ship *Pomona*, on Blackwater Bank, on the coast of Wexford, Ireland, on the 28th ult:

Cabin.—Mrs. Paxton, son and daughter, Mr. Montgomery, of Waterloo road, Liverpool; Mr. Fox, of New York, and Mrs. Hicks.

Steerage.—William Ackroyd, George Armitage, Sarah Armitage, Mary Armstrong, Lawrence Aughey, Peter Brannon, John Barrett, John Brien, Lucy Brady, James Boyle, Julia Breen, Michael Barrett, Julia Barrett, Bridget Barrett, Ellen Barrett, John Bell, David Britcliffe, Ann Burk, Mary Butler, Ann Buckley, Mary Burns, Rose Boyle, Catherine Bannon, Mary Boylan, Margaret Brophy, John Brannon, Margaret Burns, Margaret Pothwick, Betty Brannon, Jane Carroll, George Carvin, Margaret Curran, Michael Condon, Ellen Condon, Catherine Caffry, Thomas Charnley, Ellen Colohan, Ann Caldwell, Agnes Caldwell, Catherine Callahan, Thomas Clarke, James Clarke, William Collins, Mary Ann Collins, David Collins, Jerry Courtney, Kate Connors, Bernard Campbell, Bridget Cunningham, James Coggins, Catherine Caveney, Mary Caulfield, John Chapman, Ann Carey, Ellen Carlise, Columbus Caldwell, Benjamin Caldwell, Wm. Curtin, Wm. Corrigan, Francis Cowern, Rose Carey, Ann Caldwell, Bridget Dugan, John Duffy, James Dolan, James Donovan, Kate Donovan, Kate Donovan, Peter Doolan, Darby Driscoll,

William Dwyer, Mary Donnely, Philip Donough, David Doubleday, Elizabeth Doubleday, William Doubleday, Joseph Doubleday, Mary A. Doubleday, Charles Doubleday, Nicholas Drilahan, Bridget Diving, Daniel Daliah, Alice Dwyer, Ellen Dwyer, Catherine Darcy, Mary Darcy, Ann Delany, Edward Daniel, Eliza Dickson, Ann Degan, Cornelius Durick, Bridget Donovan, Johanna Driscoll, Honor Driscoll, Margaret Doyle, Catherine Doyle, Patrick Dowling, Eliza Egan, John Edmundson, Wm. Ely, Edward Farrell, James Fewkes, Ann Fewkes, Edward Fallon, James Fletcher, Ellen Flinn, Margaret Fanny, Thomas Fergus, Honora Fergus, John Fergus, Catherine Fergus, Anthony Fergus, Honora Fergus, Thomas Flanagan, Ann Freeman, Ann Finegan, Margaret Flatley, Bridget Flatley, Ann Flatley, Catherine Fitzpatrick, James Farrell, John Flanagan, Mrs. Farrell, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Jas. Finn, Bridget Finn, Mary Finn, Maria Finn, John Finn, Matthew Fahy, John Fewkes, Maria Fewkes, Owen Graney, Eleanor Garrity, Michael Garrity, Michael Gibbons, John Garrett, Jane Grimes, James Graham, Ann J. Griffin, Mary Garret, John Grady, John Graham, Honora Grady, Michael Gilligan, Henry Garry, Bernard Hartley, Frederick Hall, Thos. Hanley, Timothy Harrington, Judy Harrington, Mary Harrington, Daniel Hollohan, Mary Hinchan, John Hearne, Catherine Hearne, Pat Hearne, Catherine Hearne, Bessy Hearne, Sarah Hearne, Mary Hearne, Maria Henry, Iram Haughton, Nappy Henrity, Patrick Howe, Michael Hogan, Margaret Hogan, Bridget Hennessey, Patrick Harrigan, Michael Harrigan, Margaret Harrigan, Margaret Humley, James Hanlon, Elizabeth Howard, John Harbisson, Margaret Kingston, Patrick Kellagher, John Kingston, Julia Kingston, Mary Kingston, John Keating, Susan Keene, Jane Kingston, Patrick Kiley, Hannah Kiley, Teresa Kindelan, Michael Kehoe, James Keene, Rose Kinlan, Margaret Killcullen, Jane Kennedy, Michael King, William Little, Barry Loden, Robert Lyle, William Leonard, Timothy Linen, Mary Leahy, Catherine Lees, Rachael Lees, Wm. John Lees, Peter Lee, Margaret Longmery, Rachael Lees, Rose Leonard, Wm. Lawler, John Lawler, Matthew Lees, Honor Maher, John Miller, Mary Miller, Honor Moriarty, Julia Murphy, Julia Mehane, Michael Mallon, Mary Murphy, Ann Masterson, Honora Mortimer, Patrick Murphy, Susan Mecutcheon, Jeremiah Murphy, Frank Monaghan, Maria Mara, Ellen Mara, Bridget Mara, Bessy Maguire, Bridget M'Gahan, Catherine M'Gahan, Margaret M'Ilvaney, Jane M'Cabe, Margaret M'Gaffrey, Bridget M'Guire, Nancy M'Donald, James M'Ardle, Eliza M'Cormack, Nancy M'Guigan, Catherine M'Cann, Mary M'Cann, Thos. M'Knight, Jane M'Knight, Jas. M'Knight, Jane M'Knight, Ann M'Carrick, John M'Caghey, Mary M'Donnell, Walter M'Hale, Mary M'Hale, John M'Hale, Thomas M'Hale, Mary M'Hale, James M'Hale, Daniel M'Intosh, Adam M'Kafrey, Mary M'Keown, Bridget M'Libatten, Bridget M'Mullen, John M'Goldie, Bridget M'Cabe, John M'Collum Mrs. M. M'Collum, Joseph M'Donogh, Mary M'Carthy, Timothy McCarthy, John McIllwin, Margaret McAlister, Patrick McGee, John Neill, Lawrence Neary, William Noble, Edward Norris, Mary A. Noble, Martin Neal, Mary Neal, Mary Noon, Mary O'Hara, Edwd. O'Mealy, Martin O'Flaghorty, Ann O'Mealey, Bridget O'Neil, Margaret O'Hara, Betty O'Brien, Martin Prendergast, Ellen Prendergast, Michael Prendergast, John Prendergast, John Primly, George Palethorpe, Ann Philbin, Eliza A. Patterson, Charles Parkinson, Catherine Quinn, Stephen Quinn, Henry Quinn, Timothy Quinlan, George Quinnath, B. Reilly, George Radford, Maria Rattigan, Francis Raymond, Mrs. Mary Raymond, Joseph Raymond, Mary Ann Raymond, Thomas Raymond, Ellen Raymond, John Raymond, John Rahu, John Rooney, Alice Rooney, William Henry Rooney, Jane Rorke, Wm. Randall, Jas. Randall, Frank Riley, Margaret Riley, Ellen Riley, Ann Riley, Mary Riley, Ann Riley, Patrick Riley, Matthew Regan, Wm. Singlehurst, Jane Smith, Bridget Shanley, Mary Synham, Ann Sedwith, Owen Sullivan, Catherine Sullivan, Mary Short, John Short, Ellen Smith, Julia Scanlon, Margaret Scanlon, Ellen Shea, Frederick Sugden, John Seddon, Edward Sinnfoner, Hudson Sinnfoner, Daniel Sullivan, Joshua Sullivan, Julia Sullivan, Michael Sullivan, Catherine Sullivan, Julia Sullivan, Jeffrey Sullivan, Norry Sullivan, Ellen Sullivan, Mary Sullivan, Corneilus Sullivan, Mary Sullivan, Mary Sullivan, Norry Sullivan, Margaret Scott, Henry Smith, Betty Shaw, Giles Shaw, Emma Shaw, Harvey Shaw, James Slatter, Robert Shannon, Mary Shannon, Catherine Shannon, Mary Ann Shannon, Bridget Sweeny, John Twohey, Caroline Templer, Susan Templer, Mary J. Taylor, Matthew Tierney, William Taylor, Susan Taylor, Joseph Thorpe, Andrew Tomb, Margaret Tracy, Wm. Tracy, Kate Tracy, Ann Tracy, Honora Toole, Mary Whiteley, William Whiteley, Ann Whiteley, Mary J. Whiteley, Elizabeth Whiteley, Sarah A. Whiteley, Bridget Winn, Thomas Wilson, John Wingston, Catherine White, Honor Welsh, Ellen Welsh, Johanna Welsh, Alice Welsh, James Wethers, John Webster.

SURVIVORS.

Passengers.—Matthew Lees, Bartholomew Reilly, John Raber.

Crew.—Stephen Kelly, third mate; Richard Long, boatswain, Michael Moriarty, J. Smith, Richard Emment, Thomas Barnes, Thomas Jordan, John Sullivan, Barry Millar, Rodolph Thom, Jeremiah Williams, George Melville, George Nott, John Rodgers, Charles Jackson, Charles Thompson, James West, Wm. Murphy, John McCormack, John Meehan, passenger's cook.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

COCHIN CHINA.—*L'Armonia* says that the Franco-Spanish Expedition against Cochin China only increases the fury of that Government against the Christians. At Tra Shien, at a large village about twenty-seven miles from Touraine, 109 Christians, suspected of endeavoring to go to the allied camp, were arrested, and thrown loaded with heavy chains into a most infectious prison. The mandarins and their satellites are using every means to obtain denunciations. This is another motive for the French Admiral to hasten his operations against Hue, when he receives reinforcements in the course of February.

THE EAST.—The *Gazette du Midi* says that the Rev. Father Ratisbonne has succeeded in purchasing in Jerusalem the ruins of the *prætorium* where our Lord was judged by Pilate, and exposed to the sight of the people. The Arch of the *Ecce Homo*, where this took place, now belongs to the rising establishment of the Jewish convert priest, which contains a school and an orphanage. The firman of the Sultan to ratify this purchase has just been obtained by Count de Lallemand, first Secretary of the French Embassy at Constantinople.

THE MONTH OF MAY.—The beautiful devotions which the Church has instituted in honor of the glorious Mother of God, to whom the flower-crowned month is specially dedicated, are carried on in the several churches of this town every evening, where thousands assemble, and before the alter pray the intercession of Mary immaculate. The numerous congregations attest plainly the truly pious and edifying conduct of the people of Clonmel, by whom the May devotions have been ever welcomed with fervor, and carried on in a truly Christian spirit.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

REV. JOHN BALDWIN, P. P.—We learn with pleasure that the amiable and respected pastor of St. Mary's, who had been seriously indisposed for some days past, is fast approaching convalescence, an announcement that will be received by his numerous friends with extreme satisfaction.—*Ibid.*

DEATH OF THE REV. EUGENE KELLY, P.P.—It is with feelings of deep regret we announce the demise of the Rev. Eugene Kelly, the respected Parish Priest of Mayo and Doonane, which melancholy event took place on Sunday last, the 24th ult., at his residence, Clonbrock, Queen's County, in the 76th year of his age. On the following Tuesday there was a solemn Office and High Mass celebrated for the repose of his soul, in the parish chapel of Crettyerd, at which a large number of Clergy were present. May he rest in peace. Amen.

PROFESSION AND RECEPTION OF RELIGEUSE.—On Thursday, 28th ult., the edifying ceremony of Profession and Reception of two *religeuse* was celebrated in the Chapel of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Carlow. The recipient of the white veil was Miss Catherine Behan, daughter of John Behan, merchant, Lower Bridge street, Dublin; and the lady who made the solemn vows of profession was Miss Waters, also of Dublin.

On Easter Sunday the Pascal Communion of the persons who had assisted at the preaching of the Rev. Father Felix, S.J., in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame, Paris, during Lent, took place in that vast edifice. His Eminence Cardinal Morlot, the Archbishop, and Father Felix gave the communion. The Rev. Father said Mass at half-past seven, and it was nearly ten o'clock before the crowd of communicants had left the church. The attendance filled the cathedral completely, even the lateral chapels, and was more numerous than even the previous year.—*Univers.*

On the 16th ult., the inauguration of a railway from Rome to Civita Vecchia took place out of the Porta Portese, in presence of the Prince Massimo, Commissioner-General of the Pontifical Railways, of the Directors of the *Pro-Centrale* Company, and of the persons invited to be the first to travel on the line. Mgr. Luigi Bussi, Archbishop of Icona, performed the religious ceremony, after which the first train started. Trains have continued to run on the line without any accident.—*Giornale di Roma.*

On the 18th of April, his Holiness, accompanied by Mgr. Talbot, went to the Church of San Clemente, which is served by the Irish Dominican Fathers. The Holy Father wished to visit the venerable ruins of the ancient basilica, recently discovered, and give due praise to the prior, the Rev. Henry Mullooly, and the members of the Sacred Archæological Commission.

A new translation of the well-known hymn of St. Casimir, in honor of the Blessed Virgin (in the metre of the original, and with suitable music), from the pen of the Cardinal Archbishop, has just been published, for the month of Mary.

The *Union* (London) states that Mr. Wichelo, late Secretary to St. Paul's Mission College, Soho, was received into the Church by the Rev. H. Rawes, at St. Mary's, Bayswater, on Wednesday, 4th inst.

A new mission was opened at Epsom on Sunday, 1st May, by the Rev. J. B. Hearn, at No. 5. Stanley Villas.

A new Catholic Church is about to be erected in the town of Warwick, England.

Domestic.

NEW CHURCHES.—New churches, says the Louisville (Ky.) *Guardian*, are in progress of erection at Hawesville, Hancock County; at Hickman, Fulton County; and at Bowlinggreen, Warren County, Ky. The walls of that at Hawesville are going up; they are built of beautiful cut stone. It is expected that the new building will be ready for the roof this year. The new church at Hickman, built of brick, is farther advanced, and its completion is expected during the present year. It will supply a want which has been felt for some time in the extreme South Western corner of the diocese. The town of Hickman is in a thriving condition, and the number of Catholics is steadily increasing. A new church is also to be built in Bowlinggreen during this summer, a lot having been bestowed for the purpose by a generous Protestant citizen of the place, Euclid Covington, Esq. We understand that a new church is to be built at Long Lick, Breckinridge County, to be called, like the aged and tottering edifice which it is designed to replace, St. Anthony's. The Pastor is Rev. Mr. Power.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. MARTIN'S.—The Right Rev. Bishop lately administered Confirmation to fifty-eight persons at St. Martin's (German Catholic) Church, Louisville. Adjoining the church, a new pastoral residence is fast going up, which will provide ample accommodations for a body of Franciscan Fathers and Brothers, to serve the church and preside over the schools. Additional Fathers are expected from Bavaria during this summer. Already a colony of German Ursuline Sisters is established in the vicinity, and they are successfully employed in the religious education of the girls. The congregation is fast increasing; and at no distant day this newly organized church will probably be one of the most crowded in the city.—*Louisville Guardian.*

CONFIRMATION IN LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Covington officiated pontifically in St. Peter's Church in Lexington, on Sunday, the 15th of May, and administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to eighty-one persons, of whom four were converts; and forty-one had made their first communion on the morning of the same day. The Right Rev. Bishop was assisted by the Rev. Pastor, Herman G. Allen, the Rev. P. Willie, and a Seminarian. The Bishop, as usual, addressed the persons to be confirmed, and preached again in the evening to an overflowing audience. He concluded by solemnly imparting the benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.—*Ibid.*

MAY PLAY.—The Annual May Play of the pupils of the Sisters of Charity took place at Utica, N. Y., in the Hall of the Christian Brothers' school. About 250 little misses, ranging from four to fourteen years of age, took part in the exercises. They looked beautiful in their white dresses, and with their brows bedecked with floral wreaths. On the stage sat the different queens, surrounded by their maids of honor, attendants and standard-bearers, together with a large array of the smaller girls bearing poles with white pennants. Immediately in front of the stage were rayed, in military order, the numerous participants in the Play—fond fathers and mothers, who were looking at them.—*Telegraph.*

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY ANGELS.—This beautiful Church, located on Prospect Hill, Buffalo, was dedicated, according to announcement, on Sunday, 8th inst.; the Rt. Rev. Joseph E. B. Guigues, D.D., Bishop of Bytown, officiated at the ceremony, and the Right Rev. Bishop Timon preached an eloquent and appropriate discourse. He took occasion to refer to the fact that the Church is erected on the very spot where formerly stood the Poor House, the doors of which had been closed against Priests seeking to console the dying inmates; and contrasted human Protestant bigotry with the divine Catholic charity that now prevails. The discourse made a deep impression on the highly respectable congregation in attendance. The Very Rev. F. O'Farrell and other clergymen of the city aided in the service of the day, and were assisted by Students from the Cathedral.—*Sentinel.*

AUBURN PRISON REGULATIONS.—We are glad to learn that the Catholic clergyman of Auburn has now free access to the prison for the purposes of instructing and affording other spiritual aid to the Catholic inmates. From a correspondent we learn that the zealous pastor, Rev. M. Creedon, visited the prison on the 8th inst., and preached on the occasion in the prison chapel. Our informant truly adds: "To the convicts it was a cause of great joy, and they testified it to the wardens both by words and looks. I think, next to a pardon, it is what they wished for most ardently.—*Ibid.*

We learn that preparations are being made to lay the corner stone of St. Bridget's new Church, the first Sunday in June. The foundation walls are already far advanced, and the zealous Pastor, Rev. M. O'Connor, will push the work to completion as soon as possible.—*Ibid.*

CONFIRMATION.—On Sunday, the 1st of May, his Lordship the Right Rev. Bishop de Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Paul's Church, in that city. About 200 children were confirmed. His Lordship expressed his great happiness and satisfaction at finding the youthful postulants so well instructed and prepared, and exhorted them to persevere faithfully and steadily in the pursuit and practice of virtue.

CONFIRMATION.—On Sunday, the 15th inst., his Lordship, Bishop de Charbonnel, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. Seventy-nine persons received the sacred rite which makes us perfect Christians. Fifty-three of them were children who, on the morning of the same day, had approached the Holy Table for the first time in their lives. Among those confirmed were several converts.

ORDINATIONS.—Rev. Henry Koenig was recently elevated to the Holy Order of the Priesthood, at Fort Wayne, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Luers. The Rev. Lambertus Kettner, O.S.B., received the Holy Order of Priesthood, in the Cathedral of Covington, on Easter Monday, April 25th, 1859, at the hands of Right Rev. Geo. A. Carrell.

Two more Bishops having been added to the Hierarchy in the United States, that august body now numbers five Archbishops and forty-one Bishops, including the recently consecrated Coadjutor of Nashville, Dr. Whelan, and Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, Dr. O'Gorman.

Father Havermans, of Troy, N. Y., has purchased the building on Third street, between Liberty and Washington streets, recently occupied by Mrs. Godard as a Female Seminary, for the use of the Sisters of Charity as a day school.

SMITH O'BRIEN IN QUEBEC, C. E.—GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

ADDRESSES FROM THE CITY COUNCIL, ETC.

[*From the Quebec Vindicator, May 12.*]

From the early hour of 5 A. M. the citizens, warned by our previous notification, were assembled in thousands on the Napolean Wharf awaiting the arrival of the distinguished Irish patriot, Smith O'Brien. At the same hour, the well-ordered ranks of the St. Patrick's Society were mustering in St. Lewis street, with band and banners; and the city, both Upper and Lower Town, presented an air of excitement and bustle very unusual at such an hour of the morning. Precisely at a quarter to 6 o'clock, the steamer Ottawa hove in sight, gaily decorated with banners and streamers, conspicuous among which we noticed, floating from the mainmast, the green flag of Ireland. A passage having been opened through the crowd, Councillor Hearn and Mr. Carey, of the *Vindicator*, accompanied by Mr. John Nolan and Mr. M. F. Walsh, stepped on board and congratulated the illustrious gentleman on his first arrival in the far-famed Gibraltar of America. Mr. O'Brien was conducted to the carriage in waiting, where he was received by Hugh O'Neill, Esq., President, and P. Henchey, Esq., Vice-President of the St. Patrick's Society. The carriage was rapidly driven away to the Upper Town amid the most enthusiastic cheers from the crowd, the crashing of music, and the cracking of firearms. The view of the demonstration on Mountain Hill was very imposing,—the close and compact masses of the people, relieved here and there by the gay banners of the Society, being witnessed to advantage by those who were immediately in rear of the carriage. Having arrived at the hotel Mr. O'Brien addressed a few words to the crowd, stating that he felt tired and would now leave them till 11 o'clock, when he would be happy to receive the addresses which it had been communicated to him would be presented.

At about a quarter past eleven the crowd again assembled in great numbers about the hotel to witness the presenting of the addresses. The first in order was read in French, by his Worship the Mayor, Hector L. Langevin, Esq., and at its conclusion Hugh O'Neill, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society, stepped forward and read the address adopted by the Society. This address was very neatly got up on satin, with gold fringe.

At the conclusion of Mr. O'Neill's task, John Hearn, Esq., City Councillor, came forward and read an eloquent address on behalf of the Irish residents of the city and district of Quebec.

Mr. O'Brien appeared at the window, after the conclusion of the latter address, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering which lasted for several minutes. He proceeded, in a clear and distinct voice, to thank the Mayor, the St. Patrick's Society, and the citizens of Quebec, for the generous reception given him. Mr. O'Brien's style is calm, dignified and impressive, but when speaking of Ireland and the condition of his countrymen it becomes warm, impassioned, and striking. At the conclusion of his speech which lasted for a considerable length of time, the outburst of popular enthusiasm which succeeded completely defies description. At two o'clock, Mr. O'Brien left in the carriage of his Worship the Mayor, for the purpose of visiting the Falls of Montmorency. He was escorted by other carriages containing the members of the City Council, and many of the most respectable and intelligent citizens.

IRISH DEATHS.

On the 1st inst., in Belfast, Catherine Ann, wife of James Burns, Esq., flax merchant.

On the 30th ult., at Dundalk, Mrs. Kelly, mother of the late Captain Kelly, of the *Pride of Erin.*

On the 1st inst, at Robertstown House, county Kildare, aged 74, Dorothea, widow of Wm. Ireland, Esq.

In John street, Wexford, John, son of Patrick Frayne, Esq., aged 17, deeply lamented.

May 2, at his house, Ballygarrow, Carne, of fever, aged 61, Mr. William Furlong, a most respectable farmer, sincerely regretted. May he rest in peace.

At New Ross, on the 1st inst., of consumption, Wm. Walter Ryan, Esq., aged 31 years.

On the 28th ult., at her residence, Kinsale, Mrs. Collis, widow of the late John Collis, Barrister-at-Law, aged 73 years.

On the 27th ult., at Skehenore, near Ballydehob, Hugh Lawton (late of Marsh House), J.P., in the 82d year of his age.

At Spa, Tralee, on the 28th ult., Wm. Vaughan Boyce Henderson, aged 19 years, son of the late James Henderson, of Macroom.

On the 25th ult., in the 69th year of her age, Margaret, relict of the late Mr. Morgan O'Connell, of Derryview, and mother of the respected parish priest of Ardfert.

At Tralee, in his 63d year, Mr. M. Conehan, Clerk of the Tralee Town Commissioners.

In Dublin, the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, D.D.

On the 28th ult., at his residence, Oakly, Clontarf, in the 76th year of his age, Edmond O'Connell, Esq., for over 50 years connected with the Customs of the ports of Dublin and Cork.

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN IN BOSTON.

Mr. O'Brien arrived in Boston on the evening of the 16th inst., and stopped at the Tremont House. Over ten thousand of the countrymen and admirers of Mr. O'Brien flocked from all quarters to see the distinguished Irishman. An address was read by Patrick Donahoe, Esq., on the part of the Irishmen of Boston, and was responded to in eloquent terms by Mr. O'Brien. After a few introductory remarks, he said:

"There is scarcely a point that I have touched where I have not been informed by Irishmen themselves that it depended entirely on the conduct and industry of individuals whether or not they shall succeed in this country—for that a fair field is open to every man in this country for ultimate success. In this respect it differs unhappily from our country; for there a man who is a laborer must expect to be a laborer all his life—and a man who is a small farmer can scarcely ever expect to be a large one. Here, on the contrary, in the case of tens of thousands, as I have learned, men who came to this country with nothing but a spade in their hands, have become proprietors of land, and those who entered into other departments of business have become possessors of enormous wealth. (Cheers.) *The only exception to that rule is the case of the laborers on the lines of railways and other similar works, who are in the habit of squandering for whiskey* the money which they might otherwise employ in establishing an independence for themselves. I take it for granted that in the mighty crowd before me, there is not one single man who has been in the habit of pursuing this career. (Laughter.) If there be such an one it is well that I should invoke the spirit of my departed friend, that Apostle and Saint—Father MATTHEW—and ask him to invite that man to abandon that insidious temptation, and to apply himself, like his successful fellow-countrymen, to pursuits which would obtain for him an independence. I am happy also to tell you that in Canada I have found very nearly the same success that I find in the United States. I was gratified to find that in Canada as in the United States the Irish are eminently successful. I am happy also to tell you that they now enjoy that which we struggled for, and which, if we had been true to ourselves, we could have obtained—I mean the right to govern ourselves. Now, I must tell you frankly, at the same time, that in the United States I have been frequently told by my countrymen—and if there are any here who are opposed to the immigration of foreigners I am not sorry that they should have an opportunity to hear what I am about to say on the present occasion—I have been told in various parts of the United States that their happiness in this country at one period, about three or four years ago, was very considerably diminished by the prevalence of a spirit hostile to the introduction of foreigners; and in fact, in some remarkable instances, I learned that men who had lived in this country for upwards of forty years expressed a determination to leave the country in consequence of the prevalence of the Know-Nothing spirit which at that time prevailed. I regret to say that in some localities I have found traces of a continuance of that spirit, and it has been to me a source of the greatest grief—grief to me not only as a friend of my own race alone, but as a friend—for such I sincerely am—of the people of the United States. (Cheers.) Because I feel perfectly assured *that the prevalence of such a sentiment is as equally pernicious to the people of the United States as it is to the foreign population of this country.* I have had opportunities of seeing that nearly all the labor which requires great physical vigor, such as the labor of constructing railways—the labor of loading and discharging the cargoes of vessels—the labor on the levee at New Orleans—the labor on steamboats on the large rivers—in short, every kind of labor where great muscular vigor is required, is performed by Irishmen. What is to be thought of the policy which tends to prevent from coming to this country that industrious population which has tended so much to develope the resources of this great country. Upon any other questions of American politics I am neutral, *but upon this question of Know-Nothingism I am not neutral, believing it equally disastrous to the United States and to the adopted population of this country.* What would be the result if you succeeded in driving away from your shores to Canada or elsewhere, half a million of Irish people? What would be the advantage gained by the party accomplishing that end? Would it in any degree increase their happiness? Would it increase their wealth? Would it not depreciate the value of their property? The ground you stand upon is such that vast masses of population that might come to this country and make use of these enormous resources which are at the present moment susceptible of fructification, but which cannot be subjected to fructification without human labor, that they may remain for years and leave these resources in a state of wilderness, unless you encourage immigration. Look at the Western cities. What has created Chicago but the emigrant population? Any man who values the greatness of this empire ought to feel that the encouragement of emigrant population, whether of German or Irish origin, is one of the fundamental features of the policy of the United States. (Cheers.) Now I take the case of Canada again. I spent a couple of days with a gentleman, a Pole, who is a member of the Legislative Council of Canada. He came an exile to Canada. He became connected with the French Canadians by marriage. And I find that although he is a Pole, utterly unconnected by property or by language, he is elected a member of the Legislative Council for the district in which he lives. It is only required that he should remain in the country for three years to render him eligible to that position, which is equivalent to the Congress of the United States. But here my friend Mr. Richard O'Gorman, or my friend Thomas F. Meagher cannot enter Congress until he has served a probationary period of twelve years. Now I want to know whether this is not sufficient time. I want to know whether twelve years is not a sufficient period of probation for any man. I think it is a great deal too long, *but I am sorry to learn that in this State there has been a recent effort to extend the period of disqualification* beyond the period which is imposed by the Constitution of the United States. I know not what may be the feelings of the people whom I now address upon the subject, but of this I feel assured, and *I feel it my bounden duty here openly to express it, that such policy is detrimental to the interests of this State.* (Cheers.) I have now, gentlemen, endeavored to discharge my humble duty, which I undertook, of recounting fairly to you, without disguise, a narrative of the impressions made upon my mind during my tour. There is one characteristic of my countrymen which I have been delighted to observe in all my travels—extending through 6,500 miles. During the whole of that course, whether in the smallest village or in the largest city, I have found one characteristic, to which I have not already alluded—an undying attachment to the land of their fathers. (Cheers.) Far be it from me to say that the adopted citizens of a country ought to allow their attachment to their native land to interfere in any way with the duties which they have undertaken as citizens of the United States; but I have not found upon a single occasion that there was any antagonism between the two sentiments. On the contrary, I find that the more firmly attached you are to the interests of the United States, the more your sympathies are given to Ireland, with all her sufferings, all her hopes, all her future destinies. (Cheers.) That sentiment of sympathy extends, I am happy to say, to a very great extent, to the great mass of the American population in this country—sympathy for Ireland and its wrongs. That sympathy you ought to cultivate, and so far from forgetting the obligations which you owe to that country, the attachment you owe the land which retains the graves of your fathers, I am persuaded that you will best consult the interests of your adopted country and your home by cherishing that attachment."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

FRANCE.

THE PARIS UNIVERS.—The following is from the Paris *Univers* of the 1st inst.: "We are still of exactly the same opinion we were a week ago, before the French troops entered Piedmont, or two months ago, when war appeared neither desirable nor probable, or even a year ago, when there seemed no possibility that the peace of Europe could be disturbed. We then wished that war might not be declared for a long time to come, and that when France should draw the sword, it would be against another enemy. The Church implores Heaven to send peace among Christian Princes, and especially among Roman Catholic Princes. But at present war breaks out between the two great Catholic nations—is about to overrun and lay waste a Catholic land—its flames threaten to spread even to the Vatican, the sacred abode of the Father of the Catholic family. For our part we know only two enemies to France—the two pointed out by nature—England for the present, and Russia in the future. *We believe that Russia menaces Latin civilization with one of the most memorable catastrophes that any civilization ever had to undergo.* Russia aspires to the empire of the world—to Constantinople and to Rome, and even now this dream of her old ambition can no longer be regarded with contempt by any serious mind. France has only one truly great part to play, that which prudence and history indicate. The revolution made her relinquish it for a while, but she has not renounced it, because she has always felt that she could not do so without sinking in the scale of nations. *France should be the heart and arm of Latin civilization—the shield that covers Rome, the hand that assists, raises and upholds all Catholic nations. England and Russia close the world against us and against the Gospel. England now, Russia hereafter.* The vessels of all nations only traverse the globe with a passport signed by England. When England no longer signs the passport, Russia will do so. We should have wished to see France, as protectress of the great European families, give the word to them by upholding everywhere the true religion. Such are our ideas and views, and hitherto nobody has persuaded us that it is possible to form any of a more patriotic, more French or more Christian character."

FRENCH NEWS ITEMS.—The French have an army of 100,000 men in Italy. It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of 25,000 men on the shores of the Adriatic. The same correspondent asserts that on the day the Emperor quits Paris he will address a manifesto to Europe, espousing the cause of the nationalities. Another report adds that Paris will be placed under martial law in the absence of the Emperor.

NAPOLEON'S MANIFESTO.—Austria, *in causing her army to enter the territories of the King of Sardinia*, our ally, declares war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers. All the great Powers have protested against this aggression. Piedmont having accepted the conditions which ought to have insured peace, one asks what can be the reason of this sudden invasion? It is that Austria has brought matters to this extremity, that *she must either rule up to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic;* for in this country every corner of territory which remains independent endangers her power. Hitherto moderation has been the rule of my conduct; now energy becomes my first duty. Let France arm and resolutely tell Europe: "*I desire not conquest, but I desire firmly to maintain my national and traditional policy.* I observe the treaties on condition that no one shall violate them against me. I respect the territories and the rights of neutral Powers, but *I boldly avow my sympathies for a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who groan under foreign oppression.*" France has shown her hatred of anarchy. She has been pleased to give me a power strong enough to reduce into nonentity the abettors of disorder and the incorrigible members of those old factions whom one incessantly sees confederating with our enemies; but she has not for all that abdicated her task of civilization. Her natural allies have always been those who desire the improvement of the human race, and when she draws the sword it is not to dominate, but to liberate. *The object of this war, then, is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters,* and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people, who will owe to us their independence. We do not go into Italy to foment disorder, or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced upon his throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure, which weighs upon the whole Peninsula, and to help to establish there order based upon legitimate satisfied interests. We are going, then, to seek upon this classic ground, illustrated by so many victories, the footsteps of our fathers. God grant that we may be worthy of them! I am going soon to place myself at the head of the army. I leave in France the Empress and my son. Seconded by the experience and the enlightenment of the last surviving brother of the Emperor, she will understand how to show herself equal to the grandeur of her mission. I confide them to the valor of the army which remains in France to watch our frontiers and to protect our homes; I confide them to the patriotism of the National Guard; I confide them, in a word, to the entire people, who will encircle them with that affection and devotion of which I daily receive so many proofs. Courage, then, and union. Our country is again about to show the world that she has not degenerated. Providence will bless our efforts, for that cause is holy in the eyes of God which rests on justice, humanity, love of country, and independence. Napoleon. Paris, May 2, 1859.

MILITARY FUN OF THE WAR.—The Zouaves of the Guard, says the Paris correspondent of the *Independance Belge*, have been received with more sympathy and enthusiasm than any other regiment which has traversed France. Their contagious animation has electrified the crowd. You may have already heard, perhaps, the reply made by one of them on a recent occasion. He was running towards the railway, when some workmen cried out, "Halloa, mate, you are in a deuce of a hurry, it appears." "Well, rather," said the Zouave. "But where are you off to at that rate?" "Where?" replied the soldier, tapping his side arms, "*Why, to the Congress of course.*" At their departure from Marseilles the Zouaves of the Guard were saluted by the acclamatians of thousands of spectators grouped upon the jetties. The journals of the town mention a little incident which enlivened the scene. A Zouave, imitating the cry of the railway officials, shouted to his comrades, "Now, then, any more going on for Austria." Another bade adieu to his brother as the ship quitted the quay, in these terms, "My address will be Poste Restante Vienna."

CURE FOR SPRAINS.—In the Paris hospitals a treatment is practiced that is found most successful for a frequent accident, and which can be applied by the most inexperienced. If the ankle is sprained, for instance, let the operator hold the foot in his hands, with the thumbs meeting on the swollen part. These having been previously greased, are pressed successively with increasing force on the injured and painful spot for about a quarter of an hour. This application being repeated several times, will, in the course of the day, enable a patient to walk, when other means would have failed to relieve him.

A simple contrivance has been invented by M. Dagon, of Moret-sur-Loing, in France, for receiving and enclosing bees from the hive, or when swarming. It consists of an elongated muslin bag, distended on cane hoops, and opening and shutting at the mouth by a running string. This bag being attached to the branch on which the bees are swarming, and the inside rubbed with honey, all the bees will soon make their way to the bottom, when the mouth can be closed and the bees conveyed away in the bag. The same contrivance is applied to abstract the bees from the hive and obtain the honey. The bag for this purpose should be fixed underneath the hive, closing it so as to shut out every aperture, and then blowing the suffocating vapor into the top of the hive, when the bees will immediately descend into the bag, which should forthwith be closed at the mouth and carried away. The deserted hive can then be easily divested of its honey.

I saw the Emperor yesterday evening. He was walking in the reserved part of the garden of the Tuileries with a tall, military-looking man. There was something earnest and impassioned in his manner, and his pale features were more than usually animated. The subject of conversation could have been no other than the War, and judging from the manner and action of the two parties they were of the same opinion. What did they decide on? To what conclusion did they come when the Emperor stopped suddenly and walked into that Palace, where so many great events were enacted and concluded?—*Paris Cor. of Dublin Nation.*

From an official return just published it appears that the number of vessels which entered the French ports in the first three months of the present year was 2,067 French and 3 063 foreign, the tonnage of the whole being 827 933; and the number which sailed was 2 060 French and 2 576 foreign, with a tonnage of 708,093.

A few weeks since a horse belonging to Count de Fondras died at his chateau, near Orighy, in France, which had reached the extraordinary age of fifty-five years. The Count bought it in 1811, when it was seven years old, and worked it up to five years ago. It showed spirit up to nearly its last moments.

M. Ader, formerly editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and author of various dramatic works, died lately in Paris, aged 52.

ENGLAND.

THE CASE OF MARY ANN DONOVAN.—At the Mansion House, London, on Saturday, 23 ult., application was made to the Lord Mayor by Mr. M'Donnell, barrister, to receive evidence to show that the recent statements made against this poor girl's moral character were unfounded. His lordship peremptorily refused to receive the application in public. Mr. M'Donnell subsequently had a private interview with him. The *Evening Star* (to whom so much credit is due as having been the first journal that directed public attention to this case) understands that the institutions the girl refused to go to were for the reformation of abandoned females, and the ground of her refusal was, that she would thereby be admitting the charge against her, but that since her discharge from prison she had been offered a place in a training institution for servants, which she immediately accepted. The sums contributed for the girl's support by the public and sent to the Lord Mayor, have been handed by him to the Rev. Mr. Cohen, chaplain of the Holloway Prison, who declines to apply them for the girl's benefit.

OUTRAGE AT THE COLOSSEUM.—It will be recollected, says an English exchange paper, that underneath the portico of the grand entrance of the Colosseum in Regent-park, London, there are two equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Albert. Information was lately received at the Albany-street station that some one had gained access to the portico, and completely severed the head from the statue of the Queen. The chin, nose, and a portion of the face of the statue of Albert had been chipped or knocked off. The horse's head was very much despoiled. Underneath these two statues was a lot of scroll work in chalk as well as some verses, the writing of which in every way resembles that lately done in St. Marylebone and All Soul's Church, Langham-place. The statues of some lions close by were very much chipped about and written upon. There is not the slightest doubt but all these acts have been committed by one and the same person.

LOST HER APPETITE.—The announcement of the Russo-French alliance reached Queen Victoria when at dinner with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the heir apparent to the throne of Portugal. The news so affected her Majesty that she had to retire.

HALF A VILLAGE DESTROYED.—A fire broke out at a village called Reach, in Cambridgeshire, and so rapidly did the flames extend, that in a very short space of time ten cottages and several large barns and out-buildings were totally destroyed.

The London *Times* warns the English people that the despotic powers of the Continent are hostile to England, and are determined to be restricted by no respect for treaties or for the public opinion of Europe. Fifty years have not made any improvement in the French people. When blood is drawn on the plains of Italy all the old instincts will probably revive, and Europe will have to meet the onset of a great military nation, guarded by one bold and merciless hand. The force of this reckless despotism and this unquiet people may, sooner or later, be brought to bear on England, and the *Times* says it must again urge the establishment of a domestic defensive force within the limits of these kingdoms. With war at our gates, with the two great military powers threatening Europe with perdition, and meditating at this hour a junction of their fleets, it would be madness to discuss the affairs of the Continent as if they in no way concerned ourselves. The same journal has the following: "The Emperor Napoleon will take the field, with the knowledge that the English alliance will be shattered with the first cannon shot fired in the campaign. From the day that the French army encounters the enemy, England stands perfectly independent of all foreign relations, and free to take the part which suits her; and though that part may probably be peace, it is certain not to be such an alliance with France as settled the eastern question."

A very extensive and curious collection of play bills has been sold in London, and is supposed to have been purchased for the British Museum. These interesting documents date from about 1787, and exsend to 1852. Their weight alone exceeds 16 cwt.

The Liverpool *Albion* states that a lady who was staying at a hotel in Liverpool a short time back, went with her footman and her nurse to the workhouse, and purchased a baby from its mother for £5.

Sir Charles Napier says that thirteen thousand sailors have deserted the British naval service within three years, with more than £26,000 due them.

SCOTLAND.

Elopement Extraordinary.—The wife of a small farmer in this neighborhood, says the Kelso *Chronicle*, left her home along with two of her children—the one a boy about seventeen years, and the other a girl of thirteen years—pretending that she was going to visit a relation at Galashiels, and that she would return by the evening train. Her eldest son, a young man about twenty-two years of age, went to meet her at the station here, but he had to return without his mother. On going home he communicated his supicions to his father that all was not right, and on looking into things in the house they found that bank bills to the amount, it is said, of about £400, were taken away, and also that blankets and other articles were missing. On inquiry at the bank it turned out that the money had been drawn by the wife, which she could do, as she had contrived to have it placed there in her name. It is supposed that she has gone to America with her cousin, who has been residing here for some months, spending his money pretty freely. Strange enough, he has a wife and family in America, and also property, but his wife has, it is said, the sole control of it. The elopement is altogether inexplicable. She has been married twenty-five years, and has lived a most agreeable life with her husband, who is a most respectable individual. Since writing the above, we have heard that the unfaithful wife, with her heartless associate and the two children, sailed from Hull for Hamburg, and that their destination is Poland. But her eldest son and another individual are now in pursuit of the fugitives, and it is not likely they will get further than Hamburg.

ITALY.

Frequent references are made in our foreign despatches to the Ticino, a small stream which marks the boundary line between Sardinia and the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, occupied by Austria. This small stream or river promises to become as famous in history as "the Rubicon" which Cæsar crossed, when, returning from his conquests in Gaul, he decided upon marching with his army to Rome in defiance of the orders of the Roman Senate. The Ticino, or Tessin, rises in Switzerland on the southern declivity of Mount St. Gothard, and flows southeasterly through the Lake Maggiore. Thence it runs a southerly direction, forming the boundary between Lombardy and Sardinia until it joins the river Po, near Pavia. Its whole course is about 125 miles, and it is navigable from Lake Maggiore to the Po, which flows into the Gulf of Venice.

The *Opinione* of Turin has the following anecdote: "A banquet of officers was held at Milan a few days ago, at which, among the numerous toasts drank in allusion to the impending war, a young officer proposed the following: 'To the Austrian Army! The French and Piedmontese armies will break against it like this brittle glass.' So saying, he threw the bottle he had just emptied into the air, so as to make it fall back again upon the table, which, in fact, it did, but—without breaking. The *Opinione* states that all the officers present stood aghast at this untoward omen."

By the arrival of the Canada, with Liverpool advices to the 7th inst., we learn that no battle had occurred up to that date, between the opposing forces in Sardinia. The Austrians had, however, been repulsed in an attempt to cross the Po, at Trassinatto, with considerable loss. The celebrated Baron Humboldt died at Berlin.

RUSSIA.

Vaccinating Sheep.—In a letter from St. Petersburg we find the following paragraph: "Russia has every year lost an immense number of sheep by disease. Vaccination being resorted to has been attended with the most satisfactory results, as it has been found that, out of ten animals on whom that precaution has been practised, nine are able to resist all attacks, whereas formerly more than two-fifths died."

The first three volumes of a new "Life of Peter the Great," by Austrailov, the Russian historian, have just appeared at St. Petersburg and has produced a greater sensation than any other historical work in Russia since ths masterpiece of Karamzin.

A Vienna letter asserts that the fact of Count O'Donnell being placed on half-pay, a circumstance that had caused a certain sensation, had nothing whatever to do with politics, but that, as he was about to marry the daughter of a country gentleman, he was anxious to retire into private life.

A monument is about to be erected in Seville to the memory of Murillo, the prince of Andalusian painters, and a subscription has been opened in Seville and in Madrid for the purpose.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Flogging in the American Army.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* received, from a correspondent at Camp Floyd, an account of the whipping of a privatetsoldier, as follows: "We were called up earlier than usual this morning, that we might behold the spectacle of flogging, on the bare back, of an unfortunate soldier who had been under arrest for some time for some trivial misdemeanor, and who, rather than remain a prisoner, attempted to run off. The unfortunate victim's name is Brittan. The guard were called out, likewise the other prisoners, the latter, I presume, to take notice of the infliction, the former to guard against the escape of the victim, who was taken out of the guard-house shackled. As we arrived at the spot he looked the very picture of despair, and I am sure felt his degradation. His wrists were immediately tied to the wheels of a wagon, and his shirt was removed. An officer then walked up to the man having the whip in hand, and desired him to lay on as heavy as he could. This officer exclaimed, as the poor fellow was wincing after receiving the first ten lashes, 'D—n it, why don't you strike heavier and slower.' The victim turned round, and, with an agonizing shriek, exclaimed, 'Lieutenant, have my feet tied also to the wagon, or in my pain I am afraid I shall have to turn round.' The answer made by the Lieutenant was, 'Then be flogged accordingly.'"

Great Hail Storm at Madisonville, Ky.—On the 29th ult. an extraordinary hail storm passed over Madisonville, and the adjacent country. The *Mercury*, of that place, says: "Three of the stones were 7 1 2, 8 1-2, and 10 1-4 inches. Others, apparently of greater dimensions, were broken to pieces in falling. Upon close examination these stones were found to be porous in texture about the centre, and, in some instances, hollow. The weight of one, sometime after the storm, was equal to one pound. The descending of these extraordinary masses of ice is said to have presented a spectacle truly magnificent—one of terrific splendor. Tin roofs were indented, ninety panes of glass were broken out of the windows of one of the hotels, and a cow killed outright on the street. The cloud was from the northwest. Thunder, lightning, and but little wind accompanied the first shower, which lasted nearly half an hour. In less than an hour this shower was followed by another, with some wind."

The Transatlantic Balloon.—The ærial machine in the course of construction at Lansinburg, N.Y., by Mr. La Mountain, with which he designs to cross the Atlantic, is fast approaching completion. In speaking of it, the Lansinburg *Gazette* has the following: "The balloon will be 65 feet in diameter, and when inflated the car and balloon will be a hundred feet high. There will be employed 2,350 yards of silk—wide China—the best ever used for such purposes. The car or boat is of unique construction, and very strong. It is nineteen feet long, 4 feet wide, and 20 inches high. It was built in New York city, and is capable of carrying twelve men in the very roughest sea. The boat will be in this village within two weeks. 150,000 cubic feet of gas will be required to inflate the balloon, giving it an ascending power of about 3 1-2 tons."

A Burglar Shot at by a Woman.—A lady residing in South Boston, hearing a noise at the door of her house, arose from her bed, and looking out of a window, observed a strange man at work on the door, which he soon managed to unlock and enter. She immediately seized a revolver and descended one flight of stairs, when she discovered the burglar at the foot of the lower flight. She instantly levelled the pistol and fired, which caused the *fellow* to beat a hasty retreat, leaving his cap behind him. The ball struck very near where the fellow was standing when she fired. The burglar was a tall man, and had on a light coat and glazed cap. The lady is desirous of having him call and take away his cap, as she has no use for it.—*Boston Journal.*

Tomatoes.—The following method of preparing tomatoes for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for the preparation of that excellent vegetable: Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then add claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are sometimes prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor, more nearly resembling the strawberry than anything else.

The Lower Mississippi.—From Baton Rouge to Cairo, the greater portion of the plantations are covered with water, and look distressing in the extreme. Many of the houses are deserted and closed up, surrounded by water, and in places there were families waiting to be taken away. The amount of damage must be very great; and there can be but little hope of the river getting within banks for some time to come—not at least until it will be too late to put in a crop.

A Great Reform.—An order has been issued by the Postmaster-General, prohibiting all clerks leaving their duties for the purpose of "taking a drink" during office hours, under a penalty of dismissal; thus showing the determination on his part that the "sweets of office" shall not be mingled with *bitters* of any kind. The Postmaster-General is right, and shows his estimate of an *unfuddled* brain in the performance of government duty.

Laws for Sportsmen.—A law passed at the last session of the New York Legislature provides that no person in this State shall kill any wild deer, partridge, quail, woodcock, or snipe, at any time during the months of February, March, April, May, June, and July, under penalty of $25 for each offence. In the same statute it is forbidden to take brook-trout with nets, seines, weirs, baskets, spears, or grapples, in any of the inland waters (Cayuga, Seneca, and Otsego lakes excepted), between Sept. 15th and Feb. 15th, under a penalty of $25 for each offence. City sportsmen who go to the country will do well to remember the existence of this law.

A Daring Feat.—A young man in St. Louis was employed to ascend a flag-staff *ninety-eight feet* in height, for the purpose of arranging the ropes by which the flag is raised and lowered. After completing his work, some one below, in a bantering manner, dared him to stand upon it. No sooner said than done. By a quick movement he threw himself upon it, and then, upon one foot, balanced himself and remained for a moment composedly viewing what must have been a horror-stricken crowd below. He regained terra firma with facility and safety.

Pike's Peak.—A young man who left his home in Rochester in February last for the Pike's peak gold mines, writes from Fort Laramie, under date of April 20, that after stopping at the diggings about ten days, he became fully satisfied that the whole thing of there being gold on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains is one of the greatest humbugs of the day, and it is his opinion that not less than 50,000 men are destined to suffer, that a few speculators may make a few dollars on village lots.—*New Bedford Standard.*

I and J.—There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language, which occasion so much trouble or cause so much misconstruction as the two letters, I and J, as many inadvertently write them. The rule for writing them properly, and which should be universally understood and adopted, is to extend the J below the line, while the I should be written even with the line. If those who write I for J knew how it sometimes puzzled printers, they would remember the above suggestions.

Camels.—The Mobile *Tribune* notices the arrival at that city of twenty-one camels from Texas. Eight of them have been engaged, and the remainder are for sale for plantation use. It is said one of them can easily carry two bales of cotton on its back at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, over a road which would be impassable to an empty wagon drawn by a pair of mules. The cost of keeping them is very little, and in endurance, under labor and privation, no animal can excel them. They are also gentle in disposition.

Salt.—The application of two to four hundred pounds of salt to the acre has been found to be of great advantage in promoting the growth of all plants and trees. Warm soils of the inland districts, and especially those that have been dressed liberally with animal manure, are the most benefited. A dressing of salt upon a grass lawn will often increase growth and thicken up the plants far more than a coating of animal manure.

Imports of Dry Goods.—The Imports of foreign dry goods at New York during the month of April are, says the *Journal of Commerce*, three times as large as for the corresponding period of last year, and considerably in excess of the same period of 1857, although the monthly summary for the last named year included one more week. The total is $7,684,363, against $2,251,023 in April of last year.

Wild Pigeons.—In Essex County, Mass., the value of the wild pigeons annually captured is $20,000. In some towns 3,000 dozen are taken every year. They bring about a dollar a dozen in the Boston market.

The Watervliet *Democrat* states that a pretty young Shakeress, named Mary Jane Whitney, recently eloped with Patrick O'Connor from the farm of an old Shaker, named Samuel Osborne, near Niskayana. It seems that Mr. Osborne had brought up according to the rules of that sect a girl exulting in the name of Mary Jane Whitney, who was supposed by broad-brim to be firm in the peculiar tenets of the Shakers, until, some time in February, he discovered that she had, what he considered, a "foolish liking" for an Irishman named Patrick O'Connor. Broad brim took the girl to task about the matter, and after repeated promises on her part for future good conduct, he settled down into comparative quiet. But his blissful dream was rather suddenly broke when he discovered that Mary Jane was nowhere to be found, and instead of seeing her he simply found a note thanking him for his repeated acts of kindness, and informing him that she believed marriage was right, and that, in future, she would look for protection to Patrick O'Connor.

The Georgetown, Del., *Messenger* says that the wife of a man in Dasborough Hundred left her husband, and, with a young man, took up her residence in Millsboro'. The husband made his appearance one day, and the two men proceeded from the house and sat upon a log, and calmly talked the matter over, regarding it in all its bearings. The result of the conference was, that the young man agreed to give the forsaken husband the sum of seven dollars and a dog for his wife! Thus was this difficult and dangerous business compromised to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

They had a grand tournament on May 5th, at Columbia, South Carolina. The beauty and chivalry of Columbia were met, the former to witness and the latter to display their dexterity in knightly deeds. There were twenty-four knights entered, all mounted on gallant steeds, gaily caparisoned and richly attired. 'Twere hard to tell what varied fortunes befel each gallant knight, but ere long it became manifest that he who bore the sobriquet of the knight De La Mancha was victorious. Receiving the crown upon the point of his spear, he dismounted from his Rosinante, and accompanied by his faithful Sancho Panza, he gazed upward at the fair throng. Having announced his choice with low obeisance he crowned the blushing fair one, and the heralds duly proclaimed her Queen of Love and Beauty.

Seven men had recently a narrow escape from destruction at Niagara Falls. They were on a stone scow, which ran upon a rock, leaving her almost a wreck. She soon floated down the river, and was in a fair way to soon go over the Falls, when the party took a long rope to which they attached a quantity of stones and threw it over as an anchor. Fortunately it caught and held, and the men were soon after taken off in skiffs.

A few years ago, a man in New York, well dressed and of exceedingly genteel manners, went about, saying in a very winning manner to almost every gentleman he met, "Have you confidence enough in me, an entire stranger, to lend me five dollars for an hour or two?" In this way he got a good deal of money, and came to be generally known in the courts and elsewhere as "the confidence man."

Printers' errors are sometimes laughable. A young clergyman printed a sermon, the subject of which was the necessity for moderate and rational recreation, in which occurred the passage, "Men should work and play too." The want of a stroke ruined it, and the religious world was scandalized by reading, "Men should work and play loo."

The largest mule ever produced in the world is now in Cincinnati. It is a mare mule, nineteen and a half hands high, and weighs eighteen hundred and thirty-five pounds. This extraordinary animal is the property of Chas. Frost, of Wayne County, Indiana, recently purchased near Lexington, Ky.

The Government is seriously prosecuting the enterprise of introducing into the United States the culture of the tea plant. A ship is now on her voyage from Canton to New York, with 60,000 plants, selected with great care by a special agent of the Patent office.

The curious nomenclature of the towns in Western New York, was never more ludicrously exemplified than by the announcement that Gov. Morgan has vetoed a bill annexing Italy to Naples, tuch being the names of two townships in the counties of Yates and Ontario.

The resident musicians of Philadelphia are to give a grand musical festival on the 20th and 21st of June next. The object of this festival is to bring forward the entire wealth of musical talent in the city, and to show of what the Quaker metropolis is musically capable.

An unfortunate young man, of Calver, Cumberland, a groom, taking it into his head to practise a la Rarey on a horse he had in charge, while creeping between the hind legs of the animal was kicked on the head and killed instantly.

An exchange paper, referring to the celebration of Jefferson's birthday by the Republicans, says that thirty years hence they will be singing the praises of James Buchanan, should the party be in existence at that time.

It is stated that there are now printed within the limits of our Union not less than four thousand newspapers, at least five hundred of them daily, and five hundred semi-weekly. About half pay their way.

The money required—$200,000—for the organization of a steamboat line from Boston to Savannah, touching at Charleston, has been subscribed, and arrangements for the enterprise are to be made immediately.

The Dubuque *Herald* says there was a Nebraska half-breed walking round town a few days ago, who measured 7 feet 4 inches in height, and is only 17 years old.

The legislature of California have resolved to have the laws of the State translated into the Spanish language, paying therefor 75 cents per folio.

Leave your grievances as Bonaparte did his letters unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them at the end of that time, will require answering.

A notice of a recent steamboat explosion ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid; she was insured for $75,000 and loaded with iron."

The following was the vote of the three principal Western cities at the late municipal elections: Cincinnati, 19,504; St. Louis, 17,268; Chicago, 16 331.

It is reported that a hot pie, on a window-sill in a town of Massachusetts, has been seized by the police for smoking in the streets. The authorities cannot be too particular.

The Milwaukee Light Guards are to make a pleasure trip to New York, stopping at prominent intermediate places. They are to start the 6th of June.

A remarkable pillar of light, resembling the tail of a large comet, swept from northeast to northwest over the city of New York on the 29th ult.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

WAR MATTERS.

NAPOLEON III. has left the capital of his Empire and is off to the wars. The Empress Eugenie is Regent during her Imperial husband's absence, and will preside, in his name, at the sittings of the Privy Council and the Council of Ministers. If that other lady sovereign, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, ever inspired her with the natural feminine sentiment of jealousy, her heart must be gladdened by the thought that she is now as much of a monarch as that estimable lady. The Empress will have for her first Councillor, Prince Jerome, who was once himself a King of Westphalia, the only surviving brother of him who made his debut in glory on Italian soil, and closed his career an exile and a prisoner

" . . . sur un rocher derriere l'Afrique."

The last of the Bonaparte brothers, the ex-King of Westphalia, could give good advice to the Emperor himself, and fortify it by personal reminiscence, but the Emperor, no doubt, declines to be either warned or advised.

As to the true state of affairs at the theatre of war, we, as well as our English cousins, are in a blissful state of ignorance, and are likely to remain so. The true history of the struggle will be a secret until after it has closed, when the recriminations and disputes of the allies of to-day will throw light upon it. Such stringent measures are taken with the Press in France, Sardinia, and, no doubt, in Austria, that nothing transpires but what suits the various rulers. Napoleon will not allow any correspondents to accompany the army, but will issue from his own press which is to follow him, bulletins containing "all it is necessary for the public to know." The Italian exchanges of the English papers were received in a mutilated state. Measures were taken in France to prevent outside public opinion from reaching the French people, and our esteemed Catholic cotemporary, the London *Weekly Register*, had not been permitted to enter France for some weeks previous to the sailing of the *Canada*. Bulletins from Paris and Turin we cannot rely upon, and those of the Viennese origin must also be subject to suspicion. The London *Times*, it is said, has sent a military correspondent, at a salary exceeding the pay of a General, to the Austrian army, but it is scarcely believed that his letters will be allowed to reach England as they leave his hands. All speculation with regard to the future movements of the belligerents, their discomfiture or success, based on the vague and contradictory despatches which now constitute the news from Europe, are, therefore, idle, and a mere waste of time and paper.

As citizens of the great American Republic we can have little real sympathy with any of the disputants in the present contest. Viewed from our republican point of view it is merely a sacrifice of the people to Ambition, on the one hand, to the preservation of Dominion on the other. However the struggle ends, the people will suffer. But to judge the question, we must take an European stand-point, and apply to the acts of each of the combatants the European standards of political right and wrong. We have before us the manifestoes of the three warring monarchs, wherein each exposes his motives; but, as each makes out the best possible case for himself and the worst for his antagonist, while we may accept them as declarations of future intentions, we must seek other evidence as to motives and past actions to enable us to judge which is the atacked and which the aggressor.

The provinces of Lombardy and Venice are held by Austria, according to the treaties of 1815, expressly to guard against the establishment of paramount French influence in Italy. She holds them by the will of the Great Powers of Europe in solemn congress assembled. She may, indeed, have laid the iron hand too heavily upon them, but there is some excuse for stern repression in the fact that the stirring up of disorder in these States has long been the object of all European revolutionary adventurers, who have been aided and incited by English statesmen, writers, proselytizers and propagandists. England thought she might hound on these men to the extent compatible with her own interests, and then, at the exact moment, whistle them back to the leash, but she was mistaken, and her detestable policy seems likely to recoil upon herself. She tried the same game with Sardinia, by egging her on against Naples, but Sardinia not wishing to stop at the English limit, straightway finds another ally, and England stands aghast at the logical consequences of her own duplicity.

Victor Emmanuel holds the States of Genoa by the same title as that which confided Lombardo-Venitia to Austria These States, notwithstanding the order which is said to reign under Victor Emmanuel, do not seem to be much more satisfied with his rule than the Lombards and Venetians with that of Francis Joseph. It is not very long ago since Genoa was the scene of repeated revolutionary attempts, and political prisoners were arraigned there in hundreds. The Sardinian King, however, paid more attention to the internal affairs of the Austrian possessions than to those of his own kingdom. Ever since his minister, Cavour, assumed to speak for Italy in the Paris Congress, the attitude of Sardinia towards Austria has been one of aggression. She has received the political adventurers of all countries. She has been the refuge of revolutionists and the entrepot of proselytism. From her borders, the Exeter Hall propagandists send their tracts throughout the Peninsula. Sardinia, who understands the principles of civil liberty so well that she excludes ecclesiastics from the legislative Chamber, though they be twice elected by the people, protest against the manner in which Austria governs her possessions. The Concordat between Austria and Rome is especially distasteful to the Sardinian King, as it gives the clergy privileges of which Sardinia saw fit to rob them, and he is no friend to Rome. He leaves no means untried to rouse the people of Lombardy and Venice against their rulers, calls the malcontents and deserts from all parts of Italy to his standard, and forms them into a volunteer corps, over which he places Garibaldi. He arms in all haste, and gives his daughter, a mere child of fifteen, to the debauched and blaze cousin of Napoleon—a man thrice her age—as one of the conditions of a defensive and offensive alliance. Time alone will reveal to us the other stipulations.

The French Emperor affects to believe his new ally the injured and her opponent the aggressor. His sole preoccupation, by his own account, is the independence of Italy. He insists that the secret treaties of Austria with the Italian States shall be abrogated, but says nothing when Austria offers to produce her Italian treaties before a Congress if other powers will agree to exhibit theirs. He declines the last proposal of England though Austria accepts it. He evidently wants war and his device: *The Empire is peace*, is obsolete. Some believe him to have been at first sincere in his desire for peace, but, as they think, the neutrality of Austria during the Eastern war, notwithstanding all the pressure he brought to bear upon her, his promises to put down all risings in her Italian dominions if she joined the Allies and his threat to let loose the revolutionists on her if she did not,—the diplomatic triumphs of Austria over him, &c., all conspired to change that desire to one of revenge on that uncompromising Power. Checkmated by her in the diplomatic game, he resolved to try another at which he considered success certain. Others believe that his motto was from the commencement a barefaced lie, that he only waited the maturing of his plans to throw off the mask and "fulfil his destiny," by endeavoring to carry out the Napoleonic policy. Time alone can tell the truth, but the imperial manifesto certainly seems to favor this latter view. The Emperor desires to maintain his national and "traditional policy." This "traditional policy" would require French predominance in Italy, the throne of Naples for Joachim Murat, the resuscitation of the kingdom of Etruria for Prince Napoleon, the title of King of Italy added to that of Emperor of France, an imaginary crown of Rome for the baby brow of the Imperial Prince, and the establishment of some small Bonaparte as Viceroy in the Eternal City. The Emperor and his army are going to Italy "to seek the footsteps of their fathers." These ancestral traces, from 1796 to 1814, were on the necks of the Italians. He avows that the object of the war is to render Italy to herself, that is, to wrest from Austria the territories given to her by treaties which he himself professes to respect. While having an army of six or seven thousand men, he insists that his forces are on a peace footing, and that the acceptance of a proposition for a general disarmament is impossible, as, having never armed, he cannot disarm.

No man with a clear vision can deny that all this means aggression, and the ultimatum of Austria and her entrance upon Piedmontese soil, whatever physiognomy Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel may try to give to them, cannot be divested of their self-defensive character. Procrastination was one of the enemy's weapons. Was she to impale herself upon it? And the positive truth is, we believe, that France had loosed her troops on a neutral territory before a single Austrian had crossed the Ticino. Napoleon may raise the specious cry of Italian Independence and be re-echoed by the Sardinian King, who is already the Dictator of more than one revolted State,—they may talk of truth and right, and liberty and justice, but they will not prevent all thinking people from confessing that, measuring the dispute by the only standard we can properly apply to it, whatever right there is in the affair, is on the side of Austria.

MORE ORANGE OUTRAGES IN CANADA.

WE gave an account, in a late number, of the double attempt to assassinate the Rev. Clement Frachon, of St. Thomas, C. W. It would seem that that horrible attempt was only the signal for the commencement of a series of outrages on the Catholic priesthood and the Catholic churches of Upper Canada, evidently the work of the infamous Orange association, which is one of the most terrible scourges of Canadian society, but which is entirely overlooked, if not encouraged, by the Canadian authorities.

We learn from the *Times* of Owen Sound, that for several weeks previous to the date of the issue, filthy caricatures of the Catholic priesthood had been posted in the streets of that town. Not satisfied with these shameless exhibitions of vulgar and fanatical hate, the miscreants broke a number of windows in the Catholic Church, on the evening of Saturday, the 7th inst.

This however, is not the extent of the labors of that underground confederation, the Orange Society, since the second attempt to assassinate the pious pastor of St. Thomas. The members of that organization pass from assassination to incendiarism, with an ease which would challenge the admiration of Jack Shepherd or Blueskin, were these heroes alive to-day. The most recent amusement of the fraternity, has been the burning of the Catholic Church of Normanby, in the County of Grey. These ultra-Protestants were not deterred in their religious scruples from committing this outrage on the Lord's Day. The building had just been completed, and was a monument to the charity and religious zeal of the Catholics of Normanby. The miserable incendiaries who could thus apply the torch to an edifice raised by the sacrifices of their fellow-men in honor of the Almighty, deserve that some torture, as yet unknown to the code of penalties, should be expressly invented for their punishment. But there is little fear that they will suffer even the ordinary penalties attached to their crime viewed as an offence against human life. The Canadian Executive is an accessory before the fact to every one of their crimes, and of course, it will not punish its own confederates. About a year since, another Catholic Church, that of Arthur, was riddled by bullets fired by Orange hands, and about the same period the Church at Mount Forest, in the same mission as Normanby, was burned down. As usual when the aggrieved persons are Catholics, or the property destroyed Catholic property, the Canadian Government offered no reward for the arrest of the incendiaries of the Church at Mount Forest. If we may judge by its action, or rather its inaction, we would be justified in supposing that it is more inclined to offer rewards for the encouragement of these Orange incendiaries, than for their apprehension.

No reward has yet been offered for the arrest of the authors of the attack on Rev. Mr. Frachon, and the Government officials abuse him and his Catholic brethren with vain words, and documents which, when they are not absurd, are insulting. It is not to be wondered at, however, that Canadian officials, for the furtherance of partizan objects, should protect Orangemen, when soi-disant Catholic journalists, to gratify mere personal spite, can be found to excuse them.

THE OLD ENGLISH DIFFICULTY.

THE desire of England in the present crisis is, if she possibly can, to avoid being drawn into the Franco-Austrian war. The British people and the majority of the Press advocate a strict neutrality. But they have the fear of the rumored Franco-Russian treaty before their eyes, and think it highly probable that when Napoleon and Alexander have upset the map of Europe to their satisfaction, they may pay a visit to the British lion in his den. Let us, say they, give up the idea of being a first class Continental power—a pretension which has cost us much blood and more money—but let us be not only a first class maritime power, but *the* first maritime power. Let our fleet be doubled immediately. We owe it to our own safety that it should exceed in efficiency and power, any combined fleets that a coalition may send against us.

We cannot, say they, keep up a standing army to compete with those of France and Russia, but we can do what neither France nor Russia can—trust our people with arms in their hands. They propose to make every Englishman a soldier. They call upon the government to place a rifle in the hands of every man who is fit to use one. The proposal is a good one, and, perhaps, might be safely done in England. But is it also the intention to arm the Irish? Here is the difficulty. And here it is that the misconduct of officials recoils upon the government they serve.

While Ireland is still sore at the recollection of the manner in which the young

enthusiasts of the Phœnix Society were treated, the needlessly-tyrannical manner of their arrest and of their examination,—while the whole Catholic population are smarting under the insult offered to them by their wholesale exclusion from the jury-box on the trials of these same young men, can the English Government safely place rifles in the hands of Queen Victoria's Irish subjects? It is a delicate question, but a momentous one for England. The old Irish difficulty stares her in the face still. Will she leave Ireland unprotected in case of an invasion? This is another phase of the difficulty. Will she trust the defence of the Island to such bodies of militia as can be spared from England, or will she abandon India to garrison Ireland?

It is only in the hour of danger that the English statesmen curse the policy which has made the misgovernment of Ireland traditional. Then only are they willing to "make concessions" in the direction of inherent rights, and then only do they recognize the bravery and the "loyalty" of the Irish people. When the clouds that lowered upon them have been chased by some lucky wind from the political horizon, their old obduracy returns, they seek to withdraw whatever beneficial measures were wrenched from their fears or to render them nugatory, and the people that sent forth the soldiers whose bravery they could not sufficiently extol in the hour of danger, are fit only for persecution in the day of prosperity. In fact any war in which England is engaged—so that it be not on Irish soil—is rather a benefit to Ireland than otherwise. When England is at war, her own interests compel her to be less tyrannical towards Ireland. The persecution of the Irish people is one of England's arts of peace.

The present moment is an admirable one for Ireland to press her long neglected claims on England. While the latter country is quivering at every new movement of Napoleon III, and while the specter of a French invasion haunts her, she will be less intractable than in her days of pride and security. England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. Would there were an O'Connell alive to-day to profit by it!

It is to be hoped that Ireland will know how to profit by the opportunity and that the difficulty will teach England a lesson which she will not forget when the smoke of cannon shall have been dissipated and fears of hostile coalition and invasion shall have been set at rest. Let her reflect that the consequences of a wrong are myriad and meet the wrong-doer everywhere and at all seasons,—that they can only be ended by putting an end to the wrong itself.

A FUND FOR CAVOUR.

Among the many manias of this enlightened age, not the least striking is that of raising Funds. No object now is too absurd to warrant the raising of a Fund for its attainment. A Fund is, indeed, at present, an indispensable accessory in the search after success. It would be strange, then, if that remarkable statesman, the Count de Cavour, would undertake to render Italy independent, hush her "cry of anguish" with his diplomatic lullaby, and wipe away her tears with his diplomatic pocket-handkerchief without the aid of a Fund. Nor does he intend to undertake it without that useful accessory. Patriots in New York have in a moment of enthusiasm consented to receive and forward even the smallest contributions, which will be gratefully accepted, &c., &c.

In this city there is an Italian patriot, hight Casali, who edits a grain of newspaper (to use a Dickenish expression) called the *Echo of Italy*. The name is indeed well found, for it is but an echo and a very feeble one at that. This patriot, whose Christian name is Secchi, does not always devote himself to his grain of newspap r. He is an American patriot as well as an Italian one, and occasionally turns his hand to Union-saving, which, we believe, he has so far found more profitable than Italy-freeing. This most polytechnic Signor's especial manner of Union-saving and society-preserving is by editing in most outrageous and un-French French, campaign sheets in the interest of that high Exemplar of Household Virtue, that Bayard of the Domestic Hearth, that preux defender of injured innocence, that Messiah of the Rev. Mr. Haley's religion of the Revolver: the Honorable (we had almost said—and Reverend) Daniel E. Sickles.

But the America-Franco-Sardo-Italian-Soft-Shell patriot does not confine himself to saving this country politically, and thereby earning the first place on our discriminating President's tablets for a diplomatic appointment. He has often turned a willing hand to saving that most fragile old construction spiritually. He was the "right hand man" of that other Patriot and Apostle—the refined Gavazzi. Secchi ground the Gavazzi organ—the *Crusader*—and was next to his leader in abuse of the Catholic religion, the Holy Father, and the French of all classes, creeds and political opinions. It was at that not very remote period that the noble Gavazzi made the remarkable accusation against the lively Gauls that they could all be bought by a cigar and a glass of champagne. The *Courier des Etats Unis*, though now fearfully Italian, will remember the fact. Secchi was Gavazzi's henchman during the memorable crusade against those terrible Jesuitesses—the Irish servant maids. When Archbishop Bedini visited this country, the *Crusader* was filled with slander and vituperation of that distinguished ecclesiastic, and miserable caricatures were weekly supplied to its fanatical subscribers. So that no one will deny that Secchi has done much towards saving the country politically and religiously.

We have given this lengthy biographical sketch of this distinguished individual for two reasons—that our readers might know the antecedents of this prospective recipient of Presidential largess, and because he is the actual recipient of a most interesting letter from that diplomatic patriot, the Count de Cavour. This brings us back to the subject of our first paragraph, the interesting one of Funds in general. From this letter, which has been published in the *Echo of Italy*, and translated by the daily journals, we learn that the patriot Secchi and other patriots had written to the patriot, Cavour, offering to leave this land of freedom and join the Sardinian army in case of a war with Austria. Secchi, of course, offered for fellows but not for self. Now Cavour unites cunning to patriotism, and he, in the name of the Sardinian government, respectfully declines the pleasure of their company, which certainly is not the most foolish thing he ever did. Cavour states that there is no lack of men in Piedmont, and throwing aside all diplomatic wings and outward flourishes, toes the mark with a declaration that Money is what is needed. Hence we have an appeal in the *Echo of Italy*, signed among others by a name which we recognize as that of one whose titles to the consideration of Catholic Americans are apostacy and the publication of a stupid book. This appeal calls for the raising of a Fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers fighting for "the Independence of Italy." Now it is well enough that Sardinians, of whatever opinion, should subscribe if they wish to alleviate the misery caused by the blind ambition of their ruler. Americans might also contribute, if they had nothing else on earth to do with their money, and were absolutely certain that it would be applied to the designated object. Succoring the widow and the orphan is a noble task; but we need not cross the Atlantic and the Alps to boot, to find, alas! too many widows and orphans. Before Americans subscribe to pay the cost of Victor Emmanuel's reckless ambition, let them succor the wives and orphans of those who, in their midst, have fallen in the ranks of Industry, and real, tangible Progress.

☞ For speeches of Wm. Smith O Brien, Esq., in Boston, Quebec, and Albany, see 5th, 6th, and 13th pages.

Address to T. D. McGee, Esq.—The friends of Mr. McGee, in this country, will be happy to learn that his efforts in the cause of the Irish Catholics in Canada are properly appreciated. A meeting of the Irish Catholics and other friends of Mr. McGee, was held at the Victoria Hotel in Montreal, on Monday week, for the purpose of presenting that gentleman with an Address, on the occasion of his return from his Parliamentary duties. The gentlemen assembled on the occasion numbered about a thousand, and among them the notabilities of politics and commerce were well represented. The Address concludes by the declaration that Mr. McGee's course in Parliament meets the entire approval of his constituents. Mr. McGee replied in a long and eloquent speech, reviewing the state of Canadian politics since his election to Parliament, and his own course on the various public questions which presented themselves. Mr. McGee was followed by the Hon. Mr. Dorion, M. P. P., and the Hon. Mr. Holton, both of whom bore testimony to the value of the services rendered by Mr. McGee, not only to Montreal, but to the entire community.

An American Cockney on the Continent.—Mr. Bigelow, of the *Evening Post*, writes from Naples, to that journal, under date of April 29, the following ridiculous trash:

> The King is excessively unpopular, and dying; he is distrustful of his son, who is to succeed him, and will not part with a particle of his power to any one, and the consequence is that there is really no Government whatever here. His ministers haunt his chamber at Caserta every day, and make a show of doing business, but they dare not do anything. The dying monarch is the less disposed to make suitable preparations for the succession because he thinks he is going to recover. *The Pope has sent him an account of an interview he had recently with the deceased wife of the King, who told him that she had made intercession with the Virgin Mary, and received from her the most satisfactory assurances of her husband's restoration to health.*

We were under the impression that Mr. Bigelow was a man of cultivation and intelligence superior to the usual run of American Cockneys abroad. But the above extract shews fully that we were decidedly mistaken. This last absurdity of Mr. Bigelow is the pendant of the *Posts'* canard about the 500 Au trian priests and their manifesto.

A Complimentary Dinner *vice* a House and Lot.—Gen. Pompey Nye, the late "Irish-ridden" Superintendent of Police, did not, as the public are aware, succeed in getting a house and lot by an involuntary subscription from the members of the Department of which he was so unworthy a director. However, he succeeded in getting a complimentary dinner. It would be difficult for outsiders to imagine the various kinds of torture put in requisition, the varieties of official racks on which the poor policemen were stretched in order to compel them to be complimentary.

Journalistic.—We see by our city cotemporaries that Charles G. Halpine, Esq., has joined the editorial staff of the New York *Leader* as Associate Editor. We congratulate the *Leader* on this accession of literary strength, for Mr. Halpine is, indeed, a host in himself. Mr. Halpine has written, under pseudonyms, tales, articles, poems, epigrams, &c., which would have made his reputation three times over had he acknowledged their paternity. He has written some striking Irish tales, which were the theme of admiration among Irish readers, during their publication. Mr. Halpine's style is full of color and variety. Like the happy individual described by Boileau, he knows how—

> "d'une main legere
> Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe."

The Third Volume of the "N. Y. Tablet."—The second Volume of the Tablet closes with the present issue. The commencement of the new Volume is an opportune moment for the addition of new subscribers to our list. Our agents through the country will be good enough to bear the fact in mind, and our readers in general will add to our already existing obligations to them, by introducing the new Volume of the Tablet to their friends.

Personal.—We understand that the Rev. Mr. McCloskey, Pastor of the Nativity Church, Second Avenue, is about to visit Europe and will sail from this port in a few days. We also learn that his parishioners intend to present him with a suitable testimonial previous to his departure.

The Laflin Children.—We are happy to see that the Hon. Judge Morris has decided that those children are illegally restrained from their liberty by the Industrial School Association, and must be yielded up to their grandfather, whom the Judge properly holds to be their rightful custodian.

Arrival.—The Rev. Mr. Farrell, the respected pastor of St. Joseph's Church, in this city, arrived here in the French steamer *Arago*. The Rev. Gentleman is bearer of despatches from Rome.

Brooklyn Orphan Asylum.—The Treasurer of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Easter collections from the following Churches:

St. James' Cathedral	$436 26
St. Paul's	249 22
St. Mary's, Star of the Sea	240 04
SS. Peter and Paul's, E. D.	221 89
St. Charles Borromeo	201 40
Assumption of B. V. Mary	153 06
St. Patrick's	150 00
Our Lady of Mercy	126 50
St. Joseph's	117 13
Immaculate Conception, E. D.	92 65
Visitation of B. V. Mary	84 38
Holy Trinity, E. D.	42 18
St. John's	41 07
St. Michael's, Flushing	61 92
New Brooklyn	8 00
	$2216 70

Michael Nevin, Treasurer.

We regret to learn, from a private letter just received, that the Right Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, died at 12 o'clock on the 14th inst. He was the oldest Catholic Bishop in the United States. He was consecrated on the 5th of November, 1826, when he took charge of the diocese of Mobile, with which he maintained, uninterruptedly, his Episcopal connection until his death. He was born in Montbrison, department of the Loire, France, in the year 1795, and was consequently about 64 years of age at the time of his death. Soon after arriving at man's estate he removed to this country. *Requiescat in pace.*

CARD

OF THE MISSIONARY PRIESTS OF ST. PAUL.

All letters or papers for the Rev. I. T. Hecker, A. T. Hewit, George Deshon, or Francis A. Baker, should be directed to Station E, Eighth Avenue Post Office, New York. The residence of the Priests of St. Paul is on Sixtieth street, first house west of Broadway.

St. Bridget's Church.—This Church will be reopened on next Sunday, 29th inst., when a sermon will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Baker, of the Paulist Fathers. The already efficient choir will be further strengthened by an addition of artistic talent.

The Second Annual Exhibition of the St. Patrick's Sunday School will take place at the Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway, on Thursday evening, the 26th inst.

The Tablet in Philadelphia.—On and after the first of June, Messrs. Downing & Daly, Booksellers, 139 South 8th street, will have the sole agency of the Tablet in Philadelphia. Persons wishing the paper left at their residences will please leave their address with Messrs. Downing & Daly, 139 South 8th street.

OBITUARY.

A Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Providence, R. I., on Monday, 16th inst., for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary Cooney, mother of the Rev. J. T. Cooney, pastor of the Church. The Rev. gentleman only a few weeks ago departed for Ireland with the cheering hope of meeting his mother in good health, but that hope was never to be realized in this world, it was permitted him only to visit her grave and to derive consolation from the recital of her happy death, earned by a long life of virtue and edification. The following clergymen were present: Rev. P. Lamb, celebrant pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. P. G. Delany, Pawtucket; Rev. P. Brown, pastor of St. Joseph's; Rev. J. Quin, D. D., pastor, Olneyville; Rev Mr. Ward, Rev. Z. Kuntz, Rev. William Carroll, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

In Boston, Mass, May 9, 1859, Catherine Pendergast, the beloved wife of John Hughes, a native of the parish of Windgap, county Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 38 years. A devoted husband and large family of children of tender years deeply mourn her premature death. May the Lord have mercy on her soul.

At West Granville, Mass., May 6th, Anne Eliza, Beth and Fanny Moore, aged five and three years-daughters of P F and Anne Moore.

Literature.

THE LIFE OF ST FRANCIS DE SALES, BISHOP AND PRINCE OF GENEVA. By ROBERT ORNSBY, M.A. New York: D. & J. SADLIER & Co., 164 William street; Boston: 128 Federal street; Montreal: Cor. Notre Dame and Francis Xavier streets. 1859. Pp. 269.

If we were called upon to select a difficult task for a biographer, we could not choose a more difficult one than that of placing on a written page the likeness of the noble and saintly Savoyard, St. Francis de Sales. Virtues and qualities so opposite, whose full development is such a striking contrast, are blended in this august character so finely, that the lines of demarcation are untraceable. Angelic sweetness and childish simplicity are allied in Francis to heavenly wisdom and imposing dignity. The delicacy of each trait when viewed separately, the celestial effect of the whole make it almost impossible to describe each particular trait without injuring the ensemble, and the loftiness of the ensemble makes human description so vague that many of the component virtues of the great Saint's character are likely to be overlooked. In painting such holy characters, the most successful biographer can only suggest the outlines, which in the mind of the Catholic reader will be illuminated by a pious imagination, like those manuscripts which, to be clearly deciphered, must be held before a clear and vivid light.

When we say that the author of the work before us has done this, it is to say that he has done all that a human pen can do in portraying such a saintly figure. Human effort must ever be as far below the lustrous reality as the gold with which our painters halo the sacred heads that adorn our churches is below the brightness of the divine rays. Mr. Ornsby has done what a writer can do. The pious imaginations of his Catholic readers will aid in giving life to his portrait.

Selections from the "Spirit of St. Francis de Sales," by the Bishop of Belley, are added to the biography. Recommendation of them to the perusal of our readers and their friends is needless.

The work is got up with excellent taste, is well printed, in clear type, on good strong white paper. It is bound in styles to meet all purses.

DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, ARRANGED FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH OF JUNE. Published with the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: P. F. CUNNINGHAM, 216 South Third street. 1859.

This little volume has made its appearance just in time for the Devotions of the Month of June, and we have no doubt it will meet with a rapid sale. We find the following notice in a fly leaf of the book:

"A 'Novena, preparatory to the Festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,' will be issued in a few days, in a cheap form. It is carefully translated from the French by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and was intended to form part of the present volume, but could not be got ready in time for this edition. In future editions the *Month of the Sacred Heart*, and the *Novena* will form one neat volume."

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume V. *Chartreuse—Congar.* New York: D. APPLETON & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. London: 16 Little Britain. 1859.

The fifth volume of this important work gives the richest portion of the mine of C's. It contains a very full and interesting sketch of Costa Rica. Persons desirous of succinct information of that portion of Mexican territory which we have been longing to protect—Chihuahua, can be satisfied in the present volume. Common Schools and Common Law are both treated of. The account of the former is very meagre, but as the writer does not indulge in eulogistic rhapsodies we can pardon the meagre account of information given. There are many interesting sketches of cotemporary Americans distinguished in the various professions. The reader of the Paper on Common Law will have a very poor idea of what that much-talked-about-but-little understood species of law really is, when he shall have finished reading it. It seems to us that the writer himself was not very clear about it. However, he has taken more pains to prove that English law was an original and distinct system, which only borrowed from other systems to assimilate the portions taken to itself, than to explain the searcher after knowledge in the pages of the Encyclopædia what common law really is. We esteem the present volume more for its biographical treasures than for any of the longer papers on scientific subjects not but these latter are generally all that could be expected in an Encyclopædia. The sketch of the saintly Cardinal de Cheverus, the first bishop of Boston, is, at the same time, a truthful sketch and a graceful tribute to the memory of that pious and distinguished ecclesiastic.

[For the N. Y. TABLET.]

THE COAST-INSPECTOR.

AN AMERICAN BALLAD.

'Way down in the Narrows when evening is o'er
And night on the waters brings stillness and balm,
When the shadows lie close to the fortified shore
And the wave-girdled ramparts are fearfully calm—
The sentinel up on Fort-Hamilton height,
When he looks to the wide-mouthed gates of the main,
Sees a vision flit by on the wings of the night
He cares not to see again.

Right onward in front of the long esplanade
A vapory ship in the moonlight goes past;
Though no breath in the heav'ns, yet her flag is displayed
And she speeds as if winged by the world-sweeping blast.
That flag hath a symbol—no flag hath its like—
In a glimmer of fire is a wide-branching tree,
And a rattlesnake reared as if ready to strike,
With the legend "Don't tread on me."

Away through the shadow of Fort Lafayette,
Till she withers from sight up the broad-bosomed bay;
But her mystical symbol shows glancingly yet
Like a star through the fleecy clouds fainting away.
Unseen, yet you feel she is still on the wave,
And if tales of the great awful ocean be true,
She must carry the shade of some famous sea-brave,
Who here hath a mission to do.

Mayhap 'tis that rover whose crime-covered soul
Still keeps near the treasure no mortal can find;
And one spot of all earth has been marked for his goal,
Since the chains of his gibbet first groaned in the wind.
It may be some Captain who rode the great deep
To defend this young nation when first she was free,
And who nightly wakes up from his long-honored sleep
To know how well guarded we be.

On, on comes the phantom in silence and speed,
With her signal spread wide on the motionless air;
And there's much that the eyes of the valiant can read,
If her awful surroundings be studied with care.
A tier of black guns 'neath her bulwark peers out—
Are they seeking an old hereditary foe?—
And a flag—'tis the flag of the Briton, no doubt,—
Is trailed in the water below.

A vapory form stands alone on the deck,
Yet a form as defined as the limner e'er drew,
With a Captain's sea-jacket swung loose from its neck,
With gold braid and buttons on dark cloth of blue.
The face hath a dimness which sometimes shines out,
With the likeness of one long renowned on the sea—
No need of a challenge, nor room for a doubt:
Paul Jones, Paul Jones, 'tis he.

Graceful, but fixed he there keeps his stand,
His head smartly crowned with a saucy chapeau:
A French golden sword glimmers bright in his hand,
While a medal and cross on his breast brightly glow;
A bold buccaneer, or a patriot of fame,
Whatever his title of conduct may be—
No need of a challenge to ask him his name:
Paul Jones, Paul Jones, 'tis he.

The night hath advanced and his mission is done;
Ere morning his sail must be under the brine;
Columbia take heed e'er the uprising sun—
While Europe is stirring, keep strong your sea line.
For the instinct of warning is keenest in those
Whom she gave thee for sons in her arrogant pride:
Her gifts may, right soon, be, not heroes, but blows,
Rained down on thy naked side.

MAGNUS.

DEATH OF M. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

The rumored demise of the illustrious author of *Democracy in America*, was but the dark shadow that that sad even cast before it. The news of his death was premature only by three days. He died at Cannes in France, on the evening of the 16th ultimo. He was attended for the last two months of his illness, by the Abbe Gabriel, Cure of Cannes. He had confessed several times, but believing that he was still to recover, he deferred receiving Holy Communion, until Easter Sunday, when, as he thought, he would be able to go to the parish church. A few days before his death, however, M. de Tocqueville expressed a wish to receive the Sacraments, and the Bishop of the diocese, who had himself watched with anxiety the sick-bed of the great writer, having given permission to celebrate Mass in the room where the patient lay, the Abbe Gabriel offered up the Holy Sacrifice, and gave communion to M. de Tocqueville, to his wife and to two pious Sisters, who had devoted themselves to the care of the sick man for the past six months. His reason was unclouded up to the last moment, and a day or two before his death, he wrote friendly and business letters to several persons. He caused the last volumes of Thier's *History of the Consulate and the Empire* to be read to him, and, up to the last, took an anxious interest in the present Austro-French complications. Every now and then he burst forth into fervent prayers or joined in those which the Sisters offered up. His two brothers, M. Gustave de Beaumont, author of *L'Irlande politique, sociale et religieuse*, and other parents and friends, stood by his death-bed when surrounded by all the consolations of religion, affection, and friendship, he yielded up his spirit into the hands of its divine Giver. He gave them, says the *Univers*, the edifying spectacle of a Christian's death, such an one as we could wish for ourselves. May he rest in peace!

M. de Tocqueville was endowed with those rare qualities which make an able statesman and a great writer. Let the bigoted who scruple not to assert that Catholics cannot understand our institutions, remember that the best book in America was written by a Catholic who died such an edifying death as the illustrious Alexis de Tocqueville.

NOW.

BY MISS PROCTOR.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future,—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret:
Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing:
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Rumors of all sorts.—Rumored crossing of the Ticino by the Austrians.—The Sardinians retire.—The French in Piedmont.—Napoleon III. to command in person.—The Austrian ultimatum.—Cavour's reply.—The King's proclamation.—That cry of anguish.—Revolt in Tuscany and flight of the Grand Duke.—Victor Emmanuel Dictator.—Secret treaties between France and Russia and France and Sardinia.—Prince Napoleon to reign at Rome and young Murat at Naples.—Lord Derby's Speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.—What Lord John Russell thinks of the business.—The Elections.—General Williams.—Sam Slick.—Belgravia once more.—A great week for Exeter Hall.—France declines England's last offer of mediation.

LONDON, April 29, 1859.

This has been a week of rumors. One positively does not know what to believe or what to disbelieve. If half the reports and telegraphic despatches be true, the situation as described by Ministers in the House exists no longer and war would seem to be inevitable. They all, however, lack confirmation as yet, and, moreover, their origin is not the most confidence-inspiring in the world. The war news, as intelligence from the banks of the Tessin is now termed, comes to us from Turin and Paris, two not very impartial sources. A Berne telegram states that the Tessin was crossed by the Austrians on the 26th ult., and that the Sardinians retired to Lesia. The French were pouring into Piedmont over Mount Cenis and by Genoa. It is probably the intention of the Austrians to cross the Tessin or Ticino, but I do not think they did so at the date marked by the Turin and Berne telegrams. I believe these rumors are merely gotten up to afford an excuse to the French Emperor for invading neutral territory. Napoleon III. seems to have thrown off his disguise altogether. It is said that he intends to take the field himself, notwithstanding that leaving Paris is rather a dangerous experiment. A despatch from Boulogne, dated 27th inst., assures "on good authority" that he left Paris on the morning of that day, but I take the liberty to doubt that despatch until its "good authority" is reinforced by a better one. Cavour's answer to the Austrian ultimatum requiring a "yes or no" to the demand to disarm and to disband the Italian volunteers, is entirely evasive, and neither answers yes nor no. Victor Emmanuel has, however, issued a proclamation to his army in which he characterizes the demand as an outrage and repels it with disdain. He again alludes to Italy's cry of anguish which is continually afflicting his tympanium. He tells them they will fight by the side of the brave French soldiers, and gives them as their rallying cry, "The Independence of Italy." It is about as real as the "cry of anguish."

A revolution in Tuscany and the flight of the Grand Duke was announced. The superior officers of the Tuscan army are said to have waited upon the Grand Duke at Florence and summoned him to unite with Piedmont or abdicate. The Grand Duke declined to do either, and left the Duchy. Victor Emmanuel had been declared Dictator and had accepted. This looks like the ultimate assurance of Italian independence. The Sardinian King is enjoying the fruits of his ambition, moves early enough, but will he hold them long? That's the question.

But now comes the most astounding part of the rumors of last week. It is no less than the existence of secret treaties between France and Russia, by the first of which Russia binds herself, in the event of France entering upon a war with Austria, to assist her by the co-operation of her fleets in the Baltic and Mediterranean, and besides to place an army of observation of not less than 50,000 men upon the Austrian frontier, and by the second to declare war against Austria within fifteen days after she enters Piedmont. The *Times* puts entire faith in the statement and has made it the subject of several long articles. It has caused a panic in financial circles and has caused some explosions already. If not true, the statement is probable enough, when we recall the interference of Russia during the pendency of Lord Cowley's efforts, the immediate acceptance of France, and when we go back still further and find ourselves face to face with the cession to Russia of the fort of Villafranca by Sardinia. It would seem that Sardinia was just as ready to betray her Britannic ally as that ally was ready to betray her in the Neapolitan question. Still another treaty is talked about; a secret one between France and Sardinia, of alliance, offensive and defensive, by which Lombardy is guaranteed to Victor Emmanuel on condition that no impediment is to be placed in the way of the establishment of Prince Napoleon at Rome and Prince Murat at Naples. A copy of this said treaty has been obtained by an Austrian diplomatist at the cost of twenty thousand pounds sterling.

The Lord Mayor's Easter Banquet to the Ministry took place on Monday last, and the festivity is important merely for the speech on European affairs, which Lord Derby delivered in response to the customary toast of the Ministerial body. His lordship said he had not lost every spark of hope that the flame of war might still be prevented from breaking out, and he could assure them that day by day and night by night—indeed, almost hour by hour, the efforts of Ministers were unceasing to avert, if it were yet possible, the dreadful scourge of a European war. They had made a last effort to bring the contending parties to an understanding, as to the terms on which they might meet in Congress. (This was for a commission to arrange the disarmament independently of the Congress, which might proceed to business at the same time.) He regretted to say that Austria had rejected the offer, and still more, that almost simultaneously with its rejection she had sent to Sardinia a peremptory message demanding her immediate disarmament, under a threat of war, within the space of three days. In adopting that course Austria had taken upon herself that fearful responsibility which attaches to that country which

first subjects the dispute to the arbitrament of the sword. (This was, of course, an excuse for neutrality. It would be suicidal for Austria to delay until her enemies were unnited to oppress her.) The government had instructed our minister to protest against this step. He would not say that Austria had no cause for complaint. On the contrary, Sardinia, by her oppressive and propagandist tone, has deprived herself of a great deal of that moral support which the sympathy of England would give her. He would not hesitate to say that, within the last twelve hours, the government had attempted yet one last measure, in the hope of adverting the calamities of war. The Congress had failed; the possibility of the united efforts of Europe had failed; but they had at the last hour, and on that very day, despatched to Vienna and to Paris a joint representation, offering to take up, on the part of England alone, the meditation at the point at which it was left by Lord Cowley, and endeavor to arrange the differences between the two great Powers in dispute, subject to one of these two conditions—either an immediate, absolute, and simultaneous disarmament of the three Powers, France, Austria, and Sardinia, or a consent on the part of all the three, pending the result of the mediation, to retain their armies precisely in their present condition, and to maintain a position, if not of peace, at all events of inaction. This last announcement was received with great cheering.

Lord John Russell has also favored us with his views on the all-engrossing question, in a speech which he made at a meeting of electors. He thought that both France and Austria were in the wrong. He could not believe there was any necessity, as things stood, for either France or Sardinia arming to the extent they had done.

The elections are progressing, but the exciting nature of the foreign news has given them a secondary interest. It is impossible to judge from the returns so far received how the result will be, but my next letter will probably inform you of the materials which compose the new House of Commons.

It is said that the undiplomatic Malakoff is to be removed from his position as Ambassador to this court, and that M. de Persigny is to take his place. The change would be for the better. Persigny is one of the ablest men of the Second Empire.

Gen. Williams, the hero of Kars, has been appointed Commander of the Forces in Canada, and Sir B. Haliburton, the renowned Sam Slick, has been elected member of Parliament—not for Slickville—but for Launceston.

The Belgravian difficulties have not yet ended. A most ridiculous demonstration took place lately at the election of a Church Warden. Col. Vereker, a "no-Popery" monomania, and Mr. Westerton, the Church Warden, who has been the head and front of the anti-Confessional movement, made what I suppose must be called a speech. He denounced everybody from the incumbent to the Bishop of London. Every one, according to him, was turning his face towards Rome. This was to be attributed to the Bishop of London, who was too weak to enforce his authority.

Next week will be a roaring week for Exeter Hall; the May anniversaries of all the Missions foreign, domestic, practical, theoretical, commence on Monday. What a glorious time all the Stiggenses, from the ex-officio ones, like Lord Shaftesbury, down, will have abusing "Popery!"

France has declined to accept England's offer to take up the negotiations at the point where they were left off by Lord Cowley. Napoleon's mind seems bent on war. He may come off second best before his measures have reached their ultimate consequences. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Austrian Ultimatum.—The public mind.—The UNIVERS *and the* PAYS.*—Opinions of the lesser Bonapartes.—The Emperor insists on being a soldier.—Will go to the War.—His Aides-de camp and officers.—Departure of a portion of the Imperial Guard.—Receiving his colors.—The army on the frontier.—The Commanders.—"Ni desperandum," the motto of Diplomacy.—Further efforts.—Prussian treaties and propositions.—The King of Belgium.—The Portuguese Concordat.—The Easter Communion at Notre Dame.*

PARIS, April 28, 1859.

The rumors at which I hinted in my last letter are still bruited about and are gaining credence daily. It is announced in the *Moniteur* that the Austrian General, Gyulai, has received orders to present to the Sardinian Government an ultimatum requiring it to answer by yes or no a demand to disband the volunteer corps which is under the command of Garibaldi, the revolutioniat, and (some say) to disarm altogether in three days or take the consequences, an evasive answer to be considered as a negative. Austria, it would seem, has postponed the execution of her threat, and in the event of Piedmont's refusal, which is certain, hostilities cannot commence before the 26th or even the 27th. The moment the Austrians set foot on Sardinian soil a French army will be poured into that country. Sardinia may mark that day in her annals with a black cross.

The comparative security which the declarations of the British Ministry had given to the public mind is, therefore, altogether destroyed, and we find ourselves in the face of an eventuality which no one—not even the most bellicose of the republican and socialist organs—thought probable a week ago: war. I now repeat what I have said all along, that this war is undertaken in direct defiance of the wishes of the French people, and Louis Veuillot has told the Imperial Government a very unpalatable truth when he said in a late article: "May the Divine mercy take pity on the poor people; they are not the getters up of this war." The semi-official *Pays* takes the *Univers* to task about the article, and says that the phrase above cited is cut after the revolutionary pattern, and might be fathered by Mazzini himself. It is said that all the race of Bonapartes, except the brave Prince who got sick in the Crimea, are also opposed to it, but that the Emperor is determined to prove that he is a great general as well as a great diplomatist. He will put on the cocked hat of his uncle and leave for the probable seat of war, in a few days. The *Patrie* says that he will be attended by several aide-de-camp, among whom are the Count de Montebello, the Prince de la Moskowa (Edgar Ney), General Fleury, Col. de Georlis, Colonel Reille, the Marquis de Tonlongeon and Count Lepic, Lieut.-Colonels. His orderly officers will be (according to the same authority) Lieut.-Col. Fave, chef d'escadron of the staff Schmitz; Captain Brady; Emile Tascher de la Pagerie, the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, and Joachim Murat, Prince and Lieutenant of Artillery. It is stated by other authorities that the entire military household of the Emperor will accompany him. General Niel, who takes command of the 4th Corps of the "Army of Italy," left Paris on Saturday evening. General Soumain has also left. The aides-de-camp and orderly officers have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to depart, as also the picked men of the Cent Gardes who are to form his Imperial Majesty's Life Guard. The *Pays* announces the departure at daybreak this morning of a portion of the Imperial Guard. The Zouave regiment and the 1st and 2nd regiments of Grenadiers were those that left. I confess that my zeal was not sufficiently strong to induce me to get up an hour and a half before day to witness the scene. I draw on the same source, then, for the statement that a battalion of each regiment, headed by the band, went to the Tuileries to receive its colors, and that the Commandant du Palais gave the *accolade* to the ensign. The *Presse* announces that three divisions of the army have reached the Piedmontese frontier. Among these are the divisions commanded by Gens. Renault and Bourbaki. They contribute a force of 50,000 men, while another division of 6,500 men is said to be within sight of Gonda.

The troops are divided as follows, and will be commanded by the following generals: The army of Paris, the head-quarters of which will be in this city, by Marshal Magnan; the Army of Observation, head-quarters at Nancy, by Pelissier, who, report says, will be succeeded at St. James', by M. de Persigny; the Army of Lyons, by old Marshal Castellane; the First Corps of the Army of the Alps, by Baraguay d'Hilliers; the Second, by General McMahon; the Third, by Canrobert; and the Fourth, by General Niel. The command of the Imperial Guard, which was first intended for Prince Napoleon, has not been given him. He will command a separate corps. The dissatisfaction of the Imperial Guard at the appointment was, it is said, the cause of the withdrawal. They feared, no doubt, that their commander might get another Crimean fit on the other side of the Alps.

While all these war preparations are being made, and many despair of an arrangement, diplomacy does not yet despair, or if it does, spite that despair, it has not ceased its endeavors to preserve peace, nor will it, probably, till the last moment. A Berlin correspondent writes that Prussia offers, in concert with England, to conclude a treaty with Austria, on the conditions—1st. That Austria should abrogate her private treaties with the Italian States, or change them into offensive and defensive alliances. 2d. That she will recognize the principle of non-intervention as her future rule of conduct in Italy. 3d. To reduce her pretention to the occupation of Piacenza to the right of garrison, stipulated by treaties. 4th. To evacuate the Legations, while France withdraws her troops from Rome and Civita Vecchia. 5th. To guarantee that no attack shall be made on Sardinia if the latter power gives the same guaranty not to trouble the Austrian possessions in Italy. 6th. To consent to a general European Congress for the final arrangement of the Italian States, based on the territorial rights and sovereignty guaranteed by existing treaties. If Austria consents to these conditions, Prussia, in concert with England, agrees to oppose any French armed intervention in Italy with a proportional military force, if necessary, and, as the ally of Austria, to declare war against France as soon as the French troops cross the Alps. I give this for what it is worth, which, in my mind, is not much.

Prussia, it seems, is in humor for treaty-making. A letter from Frankfort to the *Agence Huras* states that for some days there has been much talk among the delegates to the Diet of a treaty proposed by Prussia and concluded between that country, Bavaria, Wirtemburg, Baden and the Grand Duchy of Hesse, by which those five powers agree to adopt the same policy in the Italian question, to arm simultaneously and to mobilize their federal contingents. The only son of Count Reichberg, President of the Diet, had left Frankfort to join the Austrian army, and a number of young men belonging to noble families had imitated his example, and set out for Vienna.

It was stated some days since that the King of the Belgians had gone to Vienna to make a last effort in favor of peace, but the statement has since been contradicted.

The concordat relating to the patronage of India and China between the Holy See and the Portuguese Government has passed the two Chambers of the present Cortes.

The Easter Communion took place on Sunday at Notre Dame, and no spectacle could be more solemn, grander or more edifying. The crowd was immense. Mass was said by Pere Felix, at half-past seven, and the eloquent preacher was aided in giving communion by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. The number of communicants was still greater than last year. The Cardinal Archbishop preached an exhortation, in which he paid a tribute to the pious fervor which distinguished the faithful during the season of Lent. =

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR BY AUSTRIA.

MOTION AND POSITION OF THE FRENCH TROOPS.

The writer of this article has contended, during the last six months, that *France would not declare war* against Austria. The argument on which this opinion was founded was derived from various sources—namely, firstly, from the ancient alliances of the surrounding nations; secondly, from the modern and brittle connection of Napoleon the Third with the Gallic throne; thirdly, from the combination of the old Waterloo Allies against any threatening military assumption in the Nephew of the St. Helena victim; and, fourthly, I advanced the opinion referred to from reliable Foreign Correspondence. Now that actual hostilities have commenced between France and Austria, it so happens, notwithstanding, the opinion so long defended by me still remains untouched and unaltered, since it is *Austria* and *not France* which has given the challenge, and named the very day and the hour when she would strike her tents and open fire on Sardinia. This short preliminary explanation, in my present letter, may interest the reader, but to myself personally these remarks are of considerable consequence, since, after an uninterrupted course of political writing during *nine years*, I have made no mistake in leading facts; nor have I as yet fallen into serious error in my political calculations. And I claim small personal merit for this unimpeached accuracy, since I have always copied, with some modifications, the matured local foreign views of *distinguished* men living on the spot, rather than follow my own comparatively uninformed judgments.

Some idea can be formed of the time when a conflict between the belligerent parties must occur, from a description of the positions, localities, and distances from each other of the contending armies. Sardinia has two capitals—namely, Turin and Genoa. Turin is the first and the principal city, and Genoa is the second. Turin is inland; and Genoa is on the sea coast of the Mediterranean. These two cities are *each* something less than fifty English miles from the Austrian lines, and about seventy English miles from each other. Turin is about seventy English miles from the coast on one side; and about fifty English miles from Briangon, a French town *in France* on the French side of the Alps. Hence France can give aid to Turin by two routes—namely, by despatching steamers from Toulon to Genoa, a distance of about one hundred and seventy-five English miles; or by crossing the Alps from Briangon over Mount Genevre, and halting at Suza in Sardinia, about thirty-six miles from Turin. Yesterday morning (Wednesday morning), an advanced guard of eight thousand French soldiers advanced from Briangon to cross the Alps on their way to Suza; and yesterday morning, too, a fleet of steamers were preparing to embark thirty thousand men at Toulon for Genoa. Again, the Austrians are encamped on the Austrian bank of the river Ticino, which separates Sardinia from the Austro-Italian dominions. If we draw a straight line from Genoa to Turin, the river Ticino runs nearly *parallel* with this line; hence as the distance from Genoa to Turin is about seventy miles, it follows that the Austrians can select any part of this parallel of river for seventy miles to make their descent upon Genoa or Turin. These, as accurately as I can describe the territories, &c., are the positions, localities, and the respective distances of the advancing armies.

Austria, it is said, has two hundred thousand men concentrated on the Ticino; and as Genoa and Turin are about equi-distant from her lines—namely, about fifty miles, she has no advantage in point of *distance* in making her first assault on one city, rather than on the other. But it will be said that she can easily arrive at Turin before the French army can cross the Alps; or before a French steamer-fleet could reach Genoa. This statement is denied on one hand from the fact that Sardinia can oppose her march to Turin with *eighty* thousand men, aided by the strategical barriers of *eight rivers* which Austria must cross before she can reach the *capital*—namely, Ticino, Terdoppia, Sesia, Cervo, Baltea, Orca, Doria Riparia, and Clasone. And if, on the other hand, she should prefer an assault on Genoa, she has in this route five rivers to pass—namely, Ticino, Terdoppia, Tanaro, Staffora, and Calcall; and when she will have fought her wars across these five rivers, she will then have to force the narrow pass over the mountain range which surrounds Genoa, where ten thousand men could admittedly repulse one hundred thousand men, and maintain the pass against the entire Austrian force till the French troops arrive. It may be again fairly calculated that from the facilities which France has at her command by railroad and steam marine, she can, within one week from yesterday, convey eighty thousand troops over the Alps to Turin; and one hundred thousand men by sea to Genoa; and hence from the obstacles which Austria must encounter and remove before she can reach either Turin or Genoa, it is a clear case that France will occupy these cities before the Austrians can arrive. And this point being once conceded, the new battalions arriving from France every week, day, and hour, ought to place the fortunes of war, in *the present instance*, in favor of Napoleon.

The first gleam of success, of even partial victory, that flashes from the French sword, the entire Italian Peninsula will, it is to be feared, rise in simultaneous revolution. Naples can scarcely be retained in allegiance on hearing the shout of French triumph; the Duchies will certainly join the French standard: and if French troops did not garrison Rome and protect the Pope, Pio Nono should, in all probability, be obliged to take refuge in Paris or Vienna. This contingency, while it overturns order in Italy, will still give prestige and power to Napoleon, since it will decry Austria, and add crowded adherents to the Gallic standard from the millions of willing revolutionists of every part of the already distracted Peninsula. In opposition to these anticipations of French success, it might be, perhaps, said that Austria, too, can bring her thousands into the field with the same rapidity as France, and thus Greek will meet Greek in equal conflict. This reasoning, under the new complication of alliances which has taken place so late as last Friday, is not accurate. Within ten days, France will have an army on the Rhine of two hundred thousand men ready to enter Austria; and she also proposes to send a fleet of thirty steamers, and thirty thousand men, to Trieste, within seventy miles of the boundary of Hungary, and hence she has actually commenced at this hour, while I write, the march of her Rhenish army, and the despatch of her Illyrian fleet. By her Rhenish force she meditates to weaken the Austrian army in Italy; and by her fleet she attempts to renew and rekindle the Hungarian revolution. It may be argued in this place, that under these circumstances, Prussia and the Germanic Confederation and England will join Austria, and thus swamp even the gigantic host of Napoleon. This objection is answered by the recent alliance, on last Friday, between France, Denmark, and Russia—namely, that as long as the present conflict is confined *solely* to Austria and France, Russia *will not interfere*, will merely preserve an *armed neutrality*. But the moment that Prussia, or Germany, or England take the side of Austria, in armed assistance, *in that hour*, Russia will enter the Austrian dominions, raise Hungary and aid France with her whole Imperial power by sea and land!

This new Russian alliance will, therefore, give probable victory to France, and will inflict the most signal defeat on Austria. But if Austria shall in due and early time sue for peace, and beg for French clemency, she must purchase this ignominious submission by, perhaps, the loss of half her dominions. In this anticipated hypothesis Russia will have taken ample revenge on England for her Crimean expedition; and she will have humbled Austria in the very dust for refusing her support on the same occasion. If France should thus triumph in this case; or if (as some fancy) by extraordinary mediation, or by incredible Austrian sacrifice, peace were made on the field of battle when the two hostle armies pause in line and lift the glancing steel; still Napoleon will maintain the mysterious character which he has already acquired throughout Europe—namely, that if he *once* take up an idea for practical accomplishment, he will carry out this conceived plan at the risk of his crown or his life. This character, if successful, will render his future name the bulwark of French order; and will make his decision be the terror of European policy.

Whatever may be the result of the mighty warlike preparations now being executed in the Italian Peninsula, the future historian will transmit to posterity the thrilling fact—namely, that England has laid long ago the train for

this awful explosion. Since the year 1815 she has been encouraging the revolutionary spirit in Naples, in Rome, in Florence, and, indeed, in all Italy. She has labored now nearly half a century through her Ambassadors, her Agents, her Journals, her Tourists, her Writers, her Preachers, her Biblicals, to decry the Constitutional policy, to lampoon the Religion, and to ridicule the Church authority through every city and town and village and hamlet in all Italy. Tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling have been expended in this work of English revolution and irreligion; and some of the most eminent statesmen in France, Austria, and Naples have at once arraigned England for this criminal propagandism; and have often stated that by a just and natural reaction from all Europe, England must at some future day be involved in a national disaster, and sink under merited national chastisement. The kings and rulers of England have been often warned of the calamitous issue of this political and religious malice on the part of all the succeeding British Cabinets; and a permanent prophecy rolling onward from year to year has been published through all the Catholic countries—namely, that a period of retribution is fast approaching when England will be punished for the persecution of her domestic laws, and for the malicious deceit of her foreign policy. Whether this prophecy shall ever be finally accomplished is not the object of the present remarks. I introduce this popular vaticination to prove the *universal impression* raised throughout Europe of the political and religious perfidy practised by British Cabinets in all the surrounding Catholic courts and countries. If she be drawn into a new quarrel in 1859 by the two powerful Empires of France and Russia, with all their auxiliary alliances, the old prophecy may be soon fulfilled.

The ambassadors and the agents of England may very soon have something more to do than ridiculing the Pope, believing the King of Naples, preaching in Florence, and scattering infidel tracts in Pisa. The coming summer may develope some favorable opportunity for Irish liberties, when the military necessities of England may be compelled to relax her exclusive persecution, and to grant to Ireland the just concessions of impartial laws. If a Continental war should break out, involving England in the quarrel, and if Ireland stand firm, united, and true to her national interests, she may hope, by legal, peaceful, and strictly constitutional agitation, to wrest from the Parliament those measures of justice so long withheld from this long oppressed, enduring, and down-trodden nation.

D. W. C.

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

The City Election.—The Attorney-General for Ireland on things in general and himself in particular.—The Solicitor-General for England unbosoms himself to the Electors of Belfast.—Loss of an emigrant vessel and nearly all on board.—The "Phœnix" Prisoners.—The Archbishop of Dublin on Mixed Education.

DUBLIN, May 6, 1859.

The City Election has been lost by the Liberal candidates. As I anticipated, a second liberal candidate did come forward at the eleventh hour, in the person of Mr. McCarthy, who had retired from the representation of the county of Cork. This gentleman and Mr. Brady went to the poll; and although they had a majority of 1,200 property votes over the Tory candidates, the the corrupt "freemen" turned the balance in favor of the latter. These "freemen," who number over 2,000, are the dregs of Protestantism — unfortunate, degraded, drunken wretches, who live in the greatest misery in the back slums of the city, and are scarcely ever seen except during election times, when they come forth from out of the holes and corners to exercise, for a consideration, that franchise which an absurd law has conferred on them. Bribery at elections is prohibited by Act of Parliament, but the "needful" is furnished in such a way to these independent and discriminating electors, as to evade the law, and by some means or another, every freeman who records his vote for the Tory candidates becomes a richer man than he was the day before, by at least £5. As an instance of how the late election was carried, and how the men who represent the property and intelligence of the city were set aside by the representatives of pauperism and corruption, I may mention that no fewer than seven and twenty "freemen," who had been enjoying the hospitalities of the North Dublin Union Workhouse since the late election, were brought forth from their retirement by the Tory agents, rigged out in seedy garments, a five pound note slipped into the trousers pocket of each, and with a liberal allowance of whiskey in their stomachs, conducted to the polling booth, where they exercised their virtuous franchise in favor of Messrs. Grogan and Vance, the Tory candidates, and having thus discharged their duty by their country, the noble fellows went and got drunk all out. The Tories had a great glorification when the result of the polling became known. They assembled in great numbers at a meeting, at which the Pope was put down, and King William put up, several times, in the course of the proceedings. The hard fact, however, remains, disguise it as they may, that it is only necessary to abolish the freeman franchise [which certainly will be done sooner or later], to place the power of returning representatives for the city in the hands of the Catholic and Liberal party.

The Attorney-General for Ireland was re-elected without opposition on last Saturday, one of the members to represent the University of Dublin in the Imperial Parliament. The hustings speech of the lengthy gentleman is worthy of notice, inasmuch as being a responsible officer of the government in this Island it may be presumed that he had the authority of his masters for whatever he said. After talking the customary bombast about "our Protestant Constitution in Church and State," he came to politics. Touching the European difficulty, he said England's policy was simple—to be armed, to be ready, to be resolved; and the Rt. Hon. gentleman, as he spoke, checked off these fequisites on three fingers of his left hand. In fact, he said, all England had to do was [to use a familiar phrase] to keep her weather eye open and her powder dry. He was pleased to describe the present position of Russia, Austria, and France, as that of one great despotic Emperor persuading another great Emperor as despotic as he was to induce a third great Emperor as despotic as the other two to give free institutions to a portion of the people under his dominion. Of course the Rt. Hon. gentleman had not the slightest doubt but that if England was compelled to go to war she would "come out—strong" as usual. Then he defended the government and its Reform Bill, which, he said, had been defeated by a crafty resolution concocted by one of the most adroit political chess players of the age, and then after much shuffling and "tall talk" he came to the ticklish question of "jury packing," about which the Rt. Hon. gentleman has been abused through all the moods and tenses for the past fortnight. He declared with the air of an injured innocent, placing his right hand on that portion of his vest supposed to cover his heart, that he had no hand in jury packing, and never would so long as he had the honor, &c.—that all that had been said about jury packing was a fiction, and that the officers of the Crown, in the late government prosecutions, acted solely for the advancement of justice, and for no other reason whatever. Of course I wouldn't be guilty of the discourtesy, not to say disloyalty, of suggesting that her Majesty's first law officer in this country would wilfully give utterance to a "crammer," but it was no harm to say that the Rt. Hon. gentleman differs in opinion on this question from three-fourths of the population of the country. Having cleared his reputation in this summary way, he went on to tell his sympathetic auditory all the great things he intended to do if the Tory government had been allowed to live on in peace—how he had a beautiful Tenant Right Bill ready to place "on the table of the House," eminently calculated to give to the Irish tenantry that measure of justice to which he admitted they were entitled. Well may the Irish tenantry exclaim "save us from our friends!" I need hardly add that the "explanation of the Attorney-General was considered highly satisfactory by his auditory. The learned gentleman, having rounded a graceful period about the existence of the Established Church in connection with the State being essential to the preservation of the Constitution, sat down, very hot and very red in the face, after being about two hours on his legs.

Sir Hugh M. Cairnes, the English Solicitor-General, had a talk likewise with his constituents in Belfast, which he represented in the late Parliament. Like his learned colleague, mentioned in the preceding pargraph, he, too, was re-elected without opposition. Sir Hugh [who is a Belfast man, and unquestionably one of the first men of the day, which, probably, after all, is not saying a great deal for him] unbosomed himself to his constituents from the hustings. He said that, at a time like the present, the electors should be made acquainted candidly with the policy of the government "with which he had the honor of being connected." In the first place, then, he said, England's only policy, in the present European crisis, would be a strict, undeviating, and pacific neutrality, an announcement which, we are told, was received with loud applause. The principal reason he gave why England should pursue this policy was because not one of the nations engaged in the present quarrel was wholly free from blame, the meaning of which is that the British Lion, being a strictly virtuous animal, couldn't think of meddling in unrighteous squabbles. The learned gentleman then related the fable of the horse and the stag! How, once upon a time, the horse, in an unlucky hour for himself, requested man to assist him to drive away the stag—how man, obligingly, complied, and having put a saddle and bridle on the horse, got on the animal's back, and accomplished his desire—how man, being much pleased with the equestrian exercise which he then enjoyed for the first time, refused to set the horse at liberty, and rode him from that day to this. Austria, Sir Hugh said, was the stag, Sardinia the horse, and France the man, and he left it to the intelligent electors to apply, at their leisure, the moral which was intended to be drawn from the fable. Referring to a statement which was made in the *Times* lately, that the first cannon shot that would be fired on the continent would be the breaking up of the alliance between England and France, he denied that the explosion of gunpowder, under such circumstances, would have that effect, and he said he saw no reason why it should have it.

An emigrant ship, the *Pomona*, Captain Merryew, bound from Liverpool to New York, struck on a sand bank, near Wexford, on last Sunday morning, and went down. Out of 380 passengers only three were saved.

The Court of Queen's Bench is equally divided in opinion as to the propriety of allowing the Cork Phœnix prisoners out on bail until the next assizes, the result of which is that the prisoners must remain in custody.

A serious riot occurred at the city of Limerick election. The constabulary were ordered to fire on the people, and three men were shot and several severely injured.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has addressed a beautiful Pastoral from Rome to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Dublin on the Month of May. After referring to the religious solemnities properly observable at this season, his Grace alludes to the important subject of mixed education. Knowledge, he says, must be guided and sanctified by religion, which is the aroma or element necessary to preserve it from corruption. But this element, his Grace continues, cannot be introduced in mixed schools, where masters are to make no allusion to religion. And, besides, he says, in the mixed system the claims of the Catholic Church are ignored, or openly set aside, and the whole right of directing the education of a Catholic people is handed over to a Protestant government. His Grace points out how millions have been expended by the English government in promoting Protestant education in a Catholic country; and how nothing has been done for the general education of the Catholic people of Ireland. Therefore, he argues, the Catholic people of this country cannot but look with suspicion on any attempt to place the education of Catholic children under the control of Protestants, and that it is the duty of Catholics to insist on having a Catholic system of education for Catholic youth. In support of his opinions his Grace quotes from a letter of that eminent Irish statesman, Edmund Burke, written to the Bishop of Waterford, in which he says, alluding to the ministry of the day, if the Catholics of Ireland consent to put any portion of their education under the control of the government, "there will be an end not only of the Catholic religion, but of all religion—all morality—all law, and all order in that unhappy country, Ireland." His Grace concludes by exhorting the Faithful all over the country to record their votes at the present elections only in favor of men who will be ready to support the claims of the people to a truly Catholic education, and to protect the poor from oppression. His Grace is expected to visit Dublin in the course of the ensuing summer, and to remain for some months.

DUBLINER.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The New York Catholic Library Association celebrated their anniversary at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening, May 20th, before a very large audience. The spacious lecture-room was at one time crowded to excess. Amongst those seated on the platform, we noticed several clergymen of the city. Judge Daly filled the chair during the evening. Dr. Finnell, the President of the Association, after a few preliminary remarks, introduced Dr. Manahan as the first speaker. The Doctor delivered a learned and impressive discourse on The Connection between the Catholic Church and Literary Associations. He showed that all the literary societies of ancient times owed their origin to the Catholic Church; that there was not an art, or science, or system of any kind, that was not derived from the Catholic Church; that any new idea that was derived apart from the Catholic Church, always turned out to be the absurd of all absurdities; that the only independence any man could claim was from God, not from man; this independence alone could be found in the Catholic Church. The Church was therefore the mother of all literary institutions. He spoke of the Alexandrian and other libraries, of literary societies in ancient times. He showed that the Church always fostered and protected learning; that she established schools everywhere; that she encouraged the study of the classics, and that Julian the apostate, after he had apostatized, forbade the reading of all classical literature. The reverend gentleman was frequently applauded during the delivery of his discourse, which lasted about one hour and a quarter.

The next speaker was Dr. Huntington. He gave a sketch of the several libraries in this city, and of Rome and London. He then went on to speak of Italian affairs and the present troubles in Europe. He said he had been trying for the last 15 years to lay his hand upon one single grievance in the Papal States, but he had not met with one fact that could be substantiated. There were no burglaries in Rome, although in New York there were from two to three every night. They had excellent schools there; they had no poor houses. It was true, they had no Congress, neither had they Congressmen to amuse themselves by shooting an Irish waiter before breakfast, or the shooting of a District Attorney on a Sunday, nor could there be found in Rome a minister of the Gospel to furnish passages from the Scripture to prove the shooting of a District Attorney justifiable. It was true there might be a King Bomba in Naples, but there was a King "Caucus" in New York. He briefly alluded to the present contest in Italy, and concluded his remarks by saying that the Catholic periodical press and literature would remove many prejudices from the minds of the people of this country. The Dr.'s discourse was listened to with much interest, and he made some excellent points. An essay on music was read by Mr. Clark, in which he mentioned several instances of the power of music on uncultivated minds. He also showed that the Church had always taken music under her special care, and made use of it for the most divine purposes.

At the conclusion of Mr. Clark's essay, Mr. Tully, Vice-President of the Association, returned thanks on behalf of the gentlemen who had spoken there that evening, and to all present for their kind attention. The Reading Rooms of the Association are at 809 Broadway, and are open daily from 1 to 10 P. M.

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY, NEW YORK.

The Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the Pupils of the above Institution took place at the Cooper Institute, on the evenings of Monday and Wednesday of last week. The room was crowded on both occasions by the friends of Catholic education in New York, who came to witness the progress the pupils had made since their last examination. Previous to the commencement of the examination, the different classes were marched in separate sections to the platform; performed several disciplinary evolutions, and counter-marched into the reception-room. The exercises commenced with examining the first and second class in the Catechism, Grammar, and Geography; in all of which they answered the different questions asked with the greatest ease. In History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Mensuration, Book-keeping, Trigonometry and Surveying, French and Latin. In all of these branches the pupils proved their proficiency, and showed how well the good Brothers had performed the task they have undertaken—the education of the Catholic youth of New York.

The musical performance of the pupils would do honor to older performers. Their singing and the accompaniment of the band was highly creditable. Several of the boys performed duets on the piano and sang songs, with much effect, which elicited from the audience rounds of applause. The song, entitled "Johnny Sands," was very well sung by J. S. Griffin; "The Leinster War Song" was sung with a well modulated voice by D. J. Sheehan, and he suited his actions to the spirit of the song; as also did J. J. O'Donnell in "The Harp that Once, &c." "Nora Creina" was performed by eight of the pupils on violins with much precision and proficiency. "Savourneen Deelish," "Let Erin Remember," and other popular songs were also sung. "The Last Rose of Summer," by the Academy band, was played much too fast; they should have played it in much slower time to give it its full effect.

The Recitations were very well rendered, and the pupils showed a great proficiency in this portion of the exercises. A piece, entitled "The Features," was recited by J. C. O'Reily, with excellent taste and much force. The Dialogues were also spoken with much effect, and created considerable merriment; C. Murtagh delivered "The Old Hat" with much pathos. The exhibition was a very successful one, and speaks well for what the Brothers have done, and are doing for Catholic education in our metropolis. Parents can send their children to their schools with the satisfaction of knowing that they will learn their duty to God and to them, as well as the useful branches of learning, the teaching of which none know how to perform better than the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

St. Vincent's Academy is situated at 44 and 46 Second street, in this city. It has been enlarged within the last year, and is in a very flourishing condition. All the useful branches of instruction are taught, and particular pains taken to give the pupils a good commercial and practical education. The higher branches are also taught by competent teachers, and great attention is paid to instruction in French and Music.

RURAL FESTIVAL AT JONES' WOODS.—It will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere, that the New York Musical Protection Society, in conjunction with the Musical Fund Society, will hold a Musical Festival at Jones' Woods, on June the 7th.

SMITH O'BRIEN IN ALBANY, N. Y.

Mr. O'Brien was in Albany, N. Y., on Thursday, the 19th inst., and was received by his countrymen and admirers with every demonstration of kindness and applause. An address of welcome was read by the Attorney-General, Mr. Tremaine, and responded to by Mr. O'Brien. He said:

During my visit to America, I have felt it a duty —not certainly because of any apprehension respecting myself, but from other and better motives—to abstain from saying anything concerning Ireland, or the cause of Ireland. I have always felt—I now feel—that had Ireland been fully prepared to struggle unitedly for herself and the cause of Irishmen, the American people would not only have given her warmest sympathies to the effort, but also material aid. If such a struggle has not taken place, we have no right certainly to accuse America; but, rather, ourselves. I should be extremely sorry to hear Irishmen boast of what they would have done under certain contingencies. Let them ever observe prudence in this particular, mindful that it is the surest way to win respect from others, and, eventually, success for themselves. Whatever contingency may arise, of this be assured—Irishmen are capable of struggling for themselves; and when the time does come, I am confident that the sympathy of the American people will not be held back. (Cheers.) I have also imposed upon myself another reservation. It is, to remain entirely neutral with regard to American politics.

The first public man to call upon me after my arrival in the country, was Mr. Seward. Subsequently, I received invitations, which I accepted, to visit Mr. Toombs, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Hammond, and other distinguished public men of the nation; and as it was my only purpose to examine the country and learn, by personal observation, somewhat of the workings of its institutions, I kept aloof from your local politics—whether Democratic, Republican, or Whig; well aware that any of my countrymen, who had resided in the States twelve months, could decide better than I can, whether Seward, or Toombs, or Hammond, or Wise, (who is a warm friend of Irishmen,) or Chase, was best fitted to occupy the high position of President of the nation.

Conscious of my ignorance on this point, I have been neutral. The only question involved in your local politics, on which I have ventured to utter a word, is that of Know-Nothingism, which involves a principle that affects every foreigner, and that should receive the disapprobation of every native born American, who truly loves his country, and would have it grow and prosper for all time. I had formed an opinion on this question, not hastily, since my arrival here, but four years ago, while in Brussels, and the repugnance that I felt towards it then, has only been intensified the more familiar I became with it. This Know-Nothingism, that would proscribe emigration to your shores, is as prejudicial to the interests of the native American citizen as to the foreigner; therefore, I have not remained neutral on this point, and I would say to all, for God's sake put a stop to that innovation upon the Constitution of the United States. [Cheers]

I have been told that when one finds it difficult to hit upon a topic to discuss, the safest way to proceed is to begin by praising yourself, and afterwards to praise your listeners. This, however, I cannot do. Perhaps the vocabulary of praise has been exhausted, in my case. I have served Ireland upwards of thirty years, and, it may be, I have suffered more in her cause than any other man, but, however that is, my acts have been passed upon by the world, and much praise, that I feel proceeded from the heart has been awarded me. Therefore, I have nothing to say in my own behalf. On the other hand, if you expect me to flatter your population, you will be disappointed. I have never flattered Kings—I have never flattered the Aristocracy, nor can I now flatter a Democratic population. I am not prepared to admit that yours is the greatest Nation on the Globe, nor that you "can whip all creation." [Laughter.] There are many great nations, and the United States is one of them. But permit me to say that during my tour, I have seen much to remove prejudices that I know are entertained by many foreigners towards your country.

Of one practice that is prevalent with you, I wish to say a word. It is that of shaking hands. Since my arrival in the country I have been surrounded by crowds of well wishers, whose greatest desire seemed to be to have a shake hands with me. In Ireland this practice does not prevail; but here it seems to be a universal custom. I may have offended some by neglecting to observe it, and of such, if any there be, I beg pardon. I am a lover of labor, and the friend of laborers, and would as readily shake hands with the poor man as with the rich; but this shaking of hands so often, I have found to be beyond my physical ability. I assure you that on one occasion recently, I found it so extremely laborious, that after having thus recognized a very large crowd of friends, I was literally unable to hold up my head. I hope, therefore, that not one of you will be offended because of my shortcomings in this respect on the present occasion; but if there is one who has taken offence on this account, I can only hope that he will some time be made Mayor or State representative, or some such dignitary, the election to which office will involve this laborious duty of shaking hands. He will then learn what an extraordinary exertion is requisite to keep it up, and be more lenient towards those who forego it from sheer exhaustion. Men in the habit of wielding, daily, a sledge-hammer that weighs twenty-five or thirty pounds, come and shake hands, and I assure you that the squeeze is like that of a vice. In this respect, I am not soliciting your forbearance so much for myself, as for your public men. Wherever I have come, the multitudes have wished for me unalloyed happiness, not only in this world, but through all eternity. These wishes have been most warmly expressed, as well by the natives of this country, as by the adopted. In conclusion, said Mr. O'Brien, I return to one and all of you, with my whole heart, the kindly wishes that have been so lavishly showered upon me by the American people. I bid you all good night.

MR. O'BRIEN—HIS DEPARTURE.

Mr. O'Brien is at present among us, and is the guest of Charles O'Conor, Esq. He is stopping at the private residence of that gentleman at Fort Washington. In answer to a deputation which waited on him, on Sunday last, Mr. O'Brien declined all public manifestations, merely remarking that if any society, military body, &c., wished to do anything he would be prepared to receive them on the day of his departure. On that day he would be in some hotel or friend's house in Union Sq uare, and would devote the forenoon to receive such demonstrations of respect as his friends chose to show him. He would depart thence in a private carriage, and such societies and others who wished to follow him on board might do so; but he would not avail himself of any public demonstration whatever. Yet if an address should be made he would answer it with a few brief remarks. With regard to the proposition that he should appear at the Academy of Music, and deliver a lecture in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund, Mr. O'Brien remarked that, were he to deliver a lecture on any subject or for any purpose, it would be for such a noble object as the one proposed; but he had already refused to deliver lectures, in behalf of several churches—not because he was averse to giving his aid to any worthy cause, but because he did not wish to be in a house, where any of the poorest of his countrymen might be excluded, through their inability to pay a fee to hear him. He wished everything with which he was connected to be as free as air—to be free as this glorious country, free to all. He, therefore, respectfully declined this also.

Mr. O'Brien will leave here for Ireland by the Galway steamer Adelaide, which sails on Thursday, the 26th inst., for that port, or by the Vigo which leaves on the following Saturday (28th) for Cork.

A large number of steamers, it is understood, will accompany Mr. O'Brien down the bay, consequently those eager to pay a parting tribute of respect to the distinguished gentleman, will have an opportunity here presented of doing so. It is expected that thousands will attend for that purpose, and that the demonstration will be of a most imposing character.

O'CONNELL MONUMENT FUND.

LOWELL, 14th May, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Sir:—I know it will be most gratifying to you to learn that a few genuine Irishmen of Lowell, on whom I have called, have generously contributed their might towards the erection of the O'Connell Monument, to be erected in Clare, to honor the memory of that illustrious patriot. The names and places of nativity of the contributors are as follows:

Name.	*Parish.*	*County.*	*Amount.*
Rev. J. T. M'Dermot,	Lowell,	Leitrim,	$1 00
" Peter Crudden,	"	Fermanagh,	1 00
James Howard,	Ballvea,	Clare,	1 00
John Hughes,	Derrynoose,	Armagh,	1 00
Terence Hanivan,	Mullahone,	Cavan,	1 00
Michael Corbet,	Clondigad,	Clare,	1 00
Denis Rourke,	St. Mary's,	Cork,	1 00
David O'Keefe,	Rathcormick,	"	1 00
Thomas Kilday,	Newmarket,	Clare,	1 00
Patrick Crowe,	"	"	1 00
Thomas Malone,	Cloona,	"	1 00
Patrick O'Connell,	Inagh	"	1 00
James Kenny,	Dromeliff,	"	1 00
John Riedy,	Clare,	"	1 00
John N. Brown,	Clondigad,	"	1 00
Michael M'Namara,	Tooolea,	"	0 50
Francis Heiber,	Clondigad,	"	0 50
Chris. Blackburn,	Skreen,	Meath,	0 50
John Murphy,	Inch,	Clare,	0 50
Patrick Sheahan,	Kilfidane,	"	1 00
Total,			$18 00

The above sum of eighteen dollars has been remitted by me to the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, P.P., Doora, in the county of Clare. Hoping that the reverend gentleman's appeal, made some time ago in behalf of the monument, will be properly responded to from other quarters,

I remain, Sir, respectfully yours,

PATRICK SHEAHAN.

P. S.—Any further contributions sent to me towards the monument shall be duly acknowledged and forwarded.

WHY THE AUSTRIANS HOLD BACK.—The energy displayed by Francis Joseph, of Austria, when he declared that France had taken steps which rendered war unavoidable, and that he was determined to maintain the supremacy of Austria in Piedmont, caused other nations to suppose that his first blow would be struck right speedily, and with a vigor that would at least confound, if it did not defeat the allies. We Americans at once commenced to speculate on the results of the first battle, expecting to receive news of it by every steamer that arrived; but the anticipated battle is yet to be fought, and everybody is surprised at what seems a suicidal tardiness on the part of the Austrians. We do not pretend to be deep in the secrets of Francis Joseph; yet we think we can give the reason of this delay. When collecting clothing and provisions for the army destined to cross the Ticino, the Austrian government neglected to furnish the men with boots suitable for marches over inundated ground; and, knowing this, the Sardinians dug artificial canals, by which the waters of the river are made to flood the fields, and the invaders found themselves unable to ford them in their light military boots. We understand that the Austrians are now waiting for a supply of proper boots, which they have ordered of Mr. ROBERT MCCAFFERTY, of No. 230 Bowery. *En passant*, we may remark that the order will not be filled, as Mr. McC. sympathizes with the French and Sardinians.

DEPARTURE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON FOR ITALY.—The latest news from Europe informs us that Louis Napoleon had left Paris on the 10th May for the seat of war, where, on his arrival, he will take command, in person, of his splendid army, a part of which is now in Italy; the remainder was to follow in a few days. In this step, as in everything else done by him since he became Emperor of France, he is but following in the footsteps of his uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte. If Napoleon the Third fight as many battles and cause as much bloodshed as his uncle did, Europe will have a hard time of it for years to come. As appearances are now, no one can tell when or where it will end. Francis Joseph of Austria has also signified his intention of taking command of his army in person. If both Emperors should meet face to face on the field of battle, then would come the "tug of war." However, let them fight, if they want to do so. The war will not injure this country, and we can have the satisfaction of being at peace with the whole world, and enjoy every luxury we can afford to buy; first amongst these is a GOOD CARPET, which can be procured at Mr. ARTHUR DONNELLY'S extensive Carpet Warehouse, 98 Bowery. Mr. D. also keeps on hand an extensive assortment of Oil Cloths, Rugs, &c., all of which he sells at the very lowest prices.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—T. LANIGAN, grateful for past patronage so liberally bestowed by a discerning and appreciative public, most respectfully gives notice that, in order to meet the pressing demands of his numerous customers, he is constrained, for want of room, to remove his Bedding and Mattress business from 105 to 67 Bowery, one door from Canal street, where, in addition to his Bedding Manufactory, he will also manufacture Iron Bedsteads, Hat Stands, and Cribs, in every style and size. The trade, hotels, steamboats and public institutions served at wholesale prices. T. LANIGAN, 67 Bowery, N. Y. my14 3t

REMOVAL.—F. J. BROWNE & Co., known everywhere for the splendid HARPS they manufacture, have removed this spring from 295 to 709 Broadway. We need not say to those looking for a superior instrument of that kind, to give them a call, for such seekers never go anywhere else.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

ASHES—The market is steady for both kinds. Pots are firm, and in demand at $5 50; Pearls are steady at $5 75.

COFFEE—The market was quiet; sales of 600 bags Maracaibo were made on private terms.

COTTON—The market was firmer, while the sales embraced about 500 bales, closing on the basis of about 11¼c, indicating an advance of about ⅛c. ℔ lb.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Western Canal Flour is more active; the sales are 7,500 bbls. at $6@$6 50 for inspected superfine State; $6 75@$6 90 for choice do.; $7@$7 40 for extra do.; $7@$7 50 for low grades of Western extra; $7 10@$7 65 for shipping brands of round-hoop extra Ohio; $7 70@$9 for trade brands do, and $7 85@$10 for St Louis and Genesee extras. Southern flour is also better; the sales are 900 bbls. at $7 50@@$7 90 for mixed brands Baltimore, and $8@$9 62½ for the better grades. Rye Flour is in moderate demand, and is steady; sales of 70 bbls. at $4@$5 75. Corn Meal is more plenty, the demand is moderate; the sales are 150 bbls. at $4 20 for Jersey, and $4 65 for Brandywine.

FISH—Dry Cod are firm at $4 25 for St. George's Bank, but the demand is limited, and the market for all descriptions continues extremely dull.

GRAIN—The inquiry for wheat is fair. Barley is dull and heavy; sales of about 1,500 bushels fair State at 69c. Rye is in moderate demand at $1. Oats are rather firmer, but the demand is moderate at 57@58c. for State, 58@59c. for Western and Canadian, and choice do. at 60c. Corn is in moderate demand; sales of 5,000 bush. at 83c. for damaged mixed; good is held at 92@93c., with buyers at 90@91c., and 97½@98½c. for Jersey and Southern Yellow.

HAY—The demand for shipping is fair, and prices are firm; bales of 80 at 70@75c. ℔ 100 lb

LEATHER—Hemlock and Oak are both in fair demand and continue firm; the sales exceed the receipts. We quote Light and Middle Buenos Ayres Hemlock at 24½@26c.; do. Orinoco at 23½@25c. Oak commands 31@34c.

MOLASSES—The trade is very small, prices same as before quoted.

OILS—Linseed is in fair request under the steamer's news, English is held at 66c. American is in fair request and selling at 66@68c., in casks and in bbls. Crude Whale, sales of 350 bbls. Brown at 46c., and 700 do, good quality, at 48c., cash. Crude Sperm is rather quiet, as well as most other descriptions, but prices are sustained.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is better; the sales are 5,700 bbls. at $17 25@$17 31 for new Mess; $18@$20 for Prime Mess, and $15@$15 30 for Prime Mess is in fair demand; sales of 1,250 bbls. at $6 50@$7 50 for Country Prime; $8 50@$9 50 for do. Mess, and $15 25@$17 for extra do. Prime Mess is firmly held at $22@$30, and India at $31@32. Beef Hams are quiet at $14 50@$17 25. Cut Meats are rather firmer; sales of 220 hhds. at 7½@8c. for Shoulders, and 8¾@9½c. for Hams. Butter is in fair demand at 18@19c. for prime Yellow State and Ohio; common to fair do. at 14@17c.; good is scarce. Old Cheese is scarce and in demand at 10@11c., and new plenty at 7@9½c

RICE is quiet; sales of 150 tcs. at $3 50@$4 50 ℔ 100 lb.

SUGARS—There is more doing and prices are steady; the sales are 1420 hhds. mainly Cuba, at 5¾@6⅝c., including a cargo of St. Jago at 6¼c., and a few New Orleans at 7¾c.

SALT—We note sales of a cargo of St. Ubes on private terms.

SEEDS—We hear of further sales of Clover Seed at 7¾@8¾c., the latter an extreme rate. Calcutta Linseed is dull and heavy; sales of 300 bags, in Boston, at $1 75, cash.

TALLOW—A firm market; the demand is fair; sales of 10,000 ℔ Prime Western at 11c., cash.

WHISKEY.—The market is dull and lower, the supply fair; sales of 250 bbls. at 29@29½c., cash, and 100 bbls. at 31c., time.

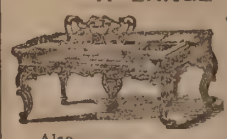
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

ARTISTS, TEACHERS and SCHOOLS are respectfully informed that the Subscriber is now selling the best English Canvas, Oil and Water Colors, Pastels, Drawing Paper, and Materials, &c., at lower prices than any House in the City. A large assortment of the best Studies for Schools, as well as of Prints and Materials for Grecian Painting. A liberal discount to Schools.

W. SCHAUS,
my29 4t 629 Broadway.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A LARGE STOCK



OF ELEGANT NEW PIANOFORTES for sale at

WALKER'S

Warerooms,

Clinton Hall, Astor Place, Eighth Street.

Also,

SECOND HAND PIANOS

of every description for sale or for hire, at very low prices.

N. B.—If required, arrangements can be made by which the hire will be allowed in case of purchase.
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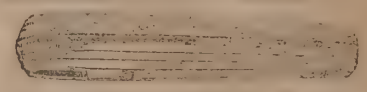

WAREROOMS OF FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.

HUYLER & CO.,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,

No. 536 Broadway, near Spring street, New York.

Wood Coffins furnished. Undertakers supplied with every requisite for funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases, air-tight and indestructible, for protecting and preserving the dead for ordinary interment, for vaults, for transportation, or for any other desirable purpose. Prices, adults' size, $25 to $60; children's do., $8 to $20. my28 1y izmz

THE GLOBE EXPRESS,

28 Broad Street, Cor. Exchange Place.

FORWARDS PARCELS, LUGGAGE and PACKAGES to and from any place in England, Ireland and Scotland.

Daguerreotypes at very low prices.

Issues Drafts of $1 and upwards on London, Dublin and Glasgow, and collects claims in every place in Great Britain.

Sells Passage Certificates by steamers and sailing vessels, and procures U. S. Passports for travel in Europe. L. W. MORRIS,
my28 6m Notary Public.

RURAL FESTIVAL AND MUSICAL PIC NIC—Given by the New York Musical Mutual Protection Association, in conjunction with the American Musical Fund Society, at JONES' WOOD, on MONDAY and TUESDAY, June 6 and 7. Full particulars in future advertisements. Admission 25 cents

U. C. HILL, Chairman.
D. SCHAADY, Secretary. my28 2t*

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO.—This much-looked for work, by the Author of "The Modern School," is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be issued. "WAIT AND GET THE BEST."

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO,
my28 tf Boston.

CLOVE ANODYNE

TOOTHACHE DROPS.

TOOTHACHE, occasioned by cold, exposed nerves, and many other causes, can be speedily and effectually cured by using the

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTHACHE DROPS.

Acting upon the nerve, it imparts instantaneous relief, without discoloring the teeth or unpleasantly affecting the breath or palate. Once used, you will never willingly be without it. Only try it, and complain no more of aching teeth.

The following testimony is from one of the most distinguished practical Dentists in the city of New York:

Messrs. SANDS: Gentlemen—In the course of my practice, I have extensively used your *Clove Anodyne* with much success for the relief of the Toothache; and as I constantly recommend it to my patients, I deem it but just to inform you of the high opinion I have of it over other remedies.

I am yours, very respectfully,
M. LEVETT, 12 Waverley Place.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER VIAL.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, No. 100 Fulton street, corner of William, New York. my21 4t

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TO OR FROM

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DRAFTS issued for £1, and upwards, payable on demand in any part of Ireland, England, Scotland or Wales.

Persons sending for their friends, now residing in the Old Country, can have them brought out at reduced rates. Those sent for will not have to wait for a Captain's letter.

For list of prices, Liverpool and London Packet Ships, &c., apply to

THOMAS C. ROCHE,
my21 20t* 83 South street, N. Y.

Wants, &c.

WANTED—A gentleman with a small family, competent to teach a Catholic School and act as Organist in a Catholic Church, in a pleasant town about 40 miles from Troy, N. Y. Good reference required. For further particulars, apply at the office of this paper.

WANTED—A Lad and young Lady who understand the Hosiery and Dry Goods Trade. Irish Catholics preferred. JOHN J. REALY,
my21 2t 237 Greenwich street.

A LADY who has had much experience in teaching, and can give unexceptionable references, wishes to obtain a situation in a Ladies' Seminary, where her services might be required three or four hours daily. She is fully competent to teach English, French and Music; would have no objection to take charge of a Parochial School; Male Department preferred. my7 tf

Information Wanted.

Of MICHAEL RYAN, parish of St. Mary's, New Ross, county of Wexford, who left Ireland fourteen years ago; when last heard from he was in New York. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his brother, Philip Ryan, care of Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal, Canada.

Of JOHN and ELIZABETH RAFFERTY; when last heard from they were living at Canadoutan Springs, Upper Canada. Any information respecting them will be thankfully received by their daughter, Bridget Rafferty, care of Francis Roarke, 10½ King street, Troy, N. Y. my14 tf

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Christian Brothers.

Children received from seven years of age and upwards.

TO raise up youth in the fear and love of God, and in that respect and submission which they owe to their parents; to train them to the knowledge and practice of our holy religion; to form them to the social duties of life, and prepare them for honorable pursuits in their future career, is the object of this Institution. A vigilant and fatherly care, united with a firm though mild discipline; a plan of school exercises adapted to the age and ability of the pupils, whereby instruction is conveyed in a pleasant and agreeable manner; a judicious distribution of time between study and recreation; a good, wholesome and sufficient diet; proper in and out-door exercises; all these and other important advantages are to be met with in the Academy. Tending as they do to the moral, intellectual, and physical development of the future man, they have not failed through the past to endear the Institution to its inmates, who find therein the salutary influences of school discipline, blended with the sweets of home. The location is a healthy one, and of easy access from the city of New York.

The building, originally large and commodious, has been made still more so by late improvements of various kinds.

Board and Washing, Tuition, use of School Books, Stationery and Library, $180 per annum.

Payments made semi-annually in advance.

The Academic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September and terminating on the 1st of August.

The following branches are taught according to the learner's age and capacity, viz: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, the French language, Vocal Music, and Drawing.

EXTRA BRANCHES.

The Spanish and German languages are taught, and lessons given on the Piano, Violin, Flute, &c., to those whose parents or guardians desire it. For each of these respectively there is an extra charge. (No extra charge for French or Drawing.)

For further particulars apply personally or by letter to THE BROTHER SUPERIOR,
sep4 tf At the Academy.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian education of children.

Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort, and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind.

The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

The course of instruction comprises the elementary, and all the higher branches of an English education, the Greek, Latin, and French languages, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Book-keeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, Navigation, &c

The Academic year commences on the first of September, and ends on the twentieth of July: it is divided into two sessions; the second session begins on the ninth of February.

Pupils are received at any time during the year, and charged only from the day of entrance. Pupils of any denomination are admitted.

Terms:

	Per annum.
Board and Tuition	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Use of Books, Stationery, Library, Apparatus, &c	12
Greek and Latin	24
Latin alone	16
Music, Vocal and Instrumental	12
" (with Piano)	24
Charge during Vacation	12

Payments to be made, in advance, at the commencement of each session.

N. B.—Each Boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The Linen should be marked with the name in full.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

Letters should be addressed to the Director of St. Joseph's Academy, Tooy, N. Y. ap28 tf

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Roast Pork 7c	Boiled Fish 7c	Beef Soup 6c
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Suet Pudding 6c	Farina Pudd'g 6c	Apple Pie 6c
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